HARPER'S WEEKLY

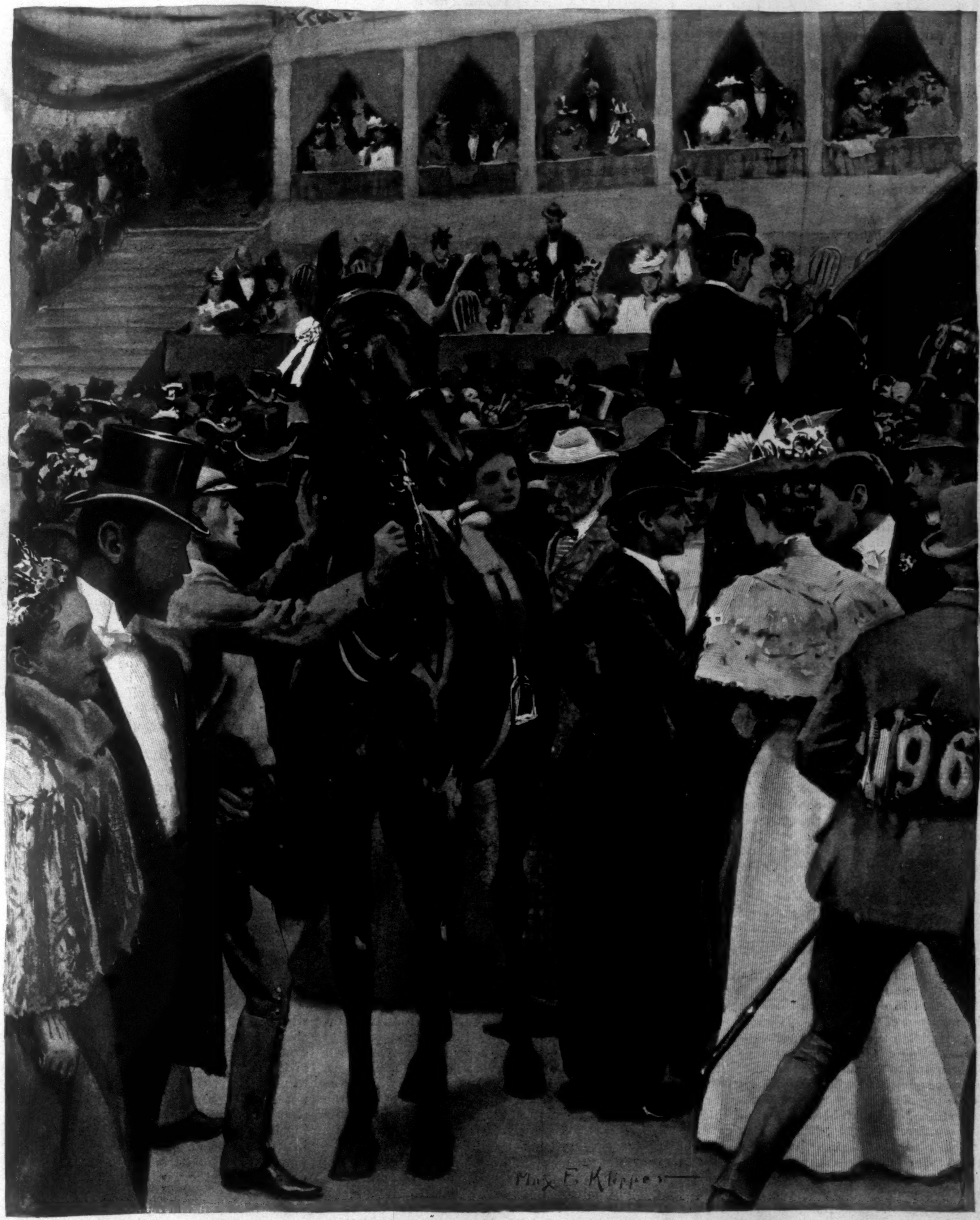
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XL.—No. 2082.

Copyright, 1896, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1896.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



CONGRATULATING A WINNER AT THE HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.

Drawn by Max F. Klepper.—[See Page 1121.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

New York City, November 14, 1896.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUE AMERICANISM.

SOME time ago during the late Presidential campaign we observed that whenever the American people were called upon to decide with their votes an issue of right or wrong, their moral sense would never be appealed to in vain. The crushing defeat of free coinage and lawlessness in the recent Presidential election has magnificently vindicated this judgment. The greatness and significance of the overwhelming victory of the sound-money cause can be fully appreciated only after a survey of the circumstances under which it was achieved.

It must be remembered that during the last twenty years there had been but very few public men in either the Republican or the Democratic party who did not in some way or another advance or yield to the idea that bimetallism was the true policy to be aimed at; that the free-coinage of silver would have to be resumed as an integral part of that policy; or that, at any rate, "something must be done for silver." In fact, the two great political parties fairly outdid one another in catering to the supposed popular demand for an augmentation of the volume of the currency by the remonetization of silver. Thus both parties assiduously co-operated in indoctrinating the popular mind with the notion that the legal-tender silver dollar was a desirable, ay, a necessary element of our monetary system, and that free coinage, as a healing measure, was bound to come some day. Nothing could have been more calculated to pave the way for a sweeping free-coinage movement, and to weaken, if not disarm, the opposition to it.

At last the free-coinage movement became strong enough to capture the national convention of the Democratic party and to put the issue directly before the people. In a large part of the country—the South and the far West—the silver craze, so long and artfully nourished, seemed to be overwhelming. Everywhere the people were groaning under the pressure of extremely hard times. In the middle Western States the farmers complained loudly of the low prices of their products, and as they had for years been flooded with silver literature, they anxiously studied the measure of relief which free coinage pretended to offer them. They had long been taught by most of their party leaders to look in that direction for a betterment of their condition. The Chicago convention, too, under the lead of the unscrupulous ALTGELD, stirred up vague hopes and ambitions among the restless element of our laboring population; and its candidate, Mr. BRYAN, who charged the present business depression, as well as all other social ailments, to a devilish conspiracy of rich gold monometallists, made incendiary appeals to the poor against the prosperous his specialty, promised the farmers double prices and the debtors substantial relief from their burdens, and represented free silver coinage as the first and most essential step toward the emancipation of the toiling masses—arguments and appeals very seductive to people in a state of discontent.

Nor was this all the difficulty the opponents of free coinage had to encounter. In almost all the most important States the two political parties had for years been of nearly even strength. There was danger that enough Republicans might be led astray by the artful pretences of the free-coinage men to put the election in doubt, unless their places were filled by men not of that party. It became necessary to consolidate the sound-money vote as much as possible. The concentration could be effected only by bringing to the support of Mr. McKINLEY a large number of citizens who had formerly opposed him as the principal representative of a policy obnoxious to them. With all his excellent qualities as a gentleman, Mr. McKINLEY had been so conspicuously identified with the cause of high protection that those who had for many years considered strenuous opposition to that policy a matter of patriotic duty could hardly vote for him without extreme self-denial. The nomination of a third ticket upon a sound-money and tariff-reform platform was therefore thought necessary to serve as a rallying-point to Democratic opponents of free coinage who would insist upon a demonstrative vindication of all their principles—a movement which at first was regarded by many as highly dangerous, inasmuch as it [illegible]ng about a fatal division of the sound-money forces.

But complicated and perilous as the situation seemed to be, the moral instinct and the sound sense of the American people splendidly overcame all obstacles. It was in vain that in the course of the campaign most of the sound-money orators were shown to have at some former time entertained and uttered views very different from those they now urged. It was in vain that Mr. BRYAN and his helpers promised the farmers double prices and relief from their debts through free silver coinage. It was in vain that they sought to excite the "toiling masses" against those more favored by fortune, and opened to them a prospect of power and wealth. It was in vain that the antagonism of tariff-reformers to McKinleyism was invoked. With unerring certainty the popular mind seized the main issue of the great controversy, and formed its conclusions accordingly. There might be two opinions about the possibility and desirableness of bimetallism. There might be misgivings as to future fights concerning the tariff if Mr. McKINLEY were elected. There might be apprehensions as to the evils of plutocracy and of a selfish money power. But the discussions going on before the people evolved one fact the recognition of which swept away all doubts and minor considerations: free silver coinage would result in the repudiation of our honest obligations, repudiation would be equivalent to national bankruptcy, and national bankruptcy would mean national dishonor. As soon as this point became clear to the popular mind, the battle was decided, and the result is an array of popular majorities against the policy of dishonesty which stands almost without precedent in our political history.

We do not exaggerate when we say that American character and the practical working of our democratic institutions have never been more gloriously vindicated. Never has universal suffrage commended itself more triumphantly to the judgment of enlightened mankind. Never has the cause of free government received a more vigorous impulse. Democracy has won a magnificent victory not for our people alone, but for the whole world. Whatever errors or eccentricities the American people may henceforth temporarily fall into, the world will rest assured, with a confidence not easily to be shaken, that in the end in our political contests American good sense and honesty will triumph. The 3d of November, 1896, may well be called a red-letter day in our history.

THE DEFEAT OF SOCIALISM.

THE result of the election will be of great advantage to the country and to the principle of the democratic form of government if we rightly measure the significance of the contest and justly appreciate the character of the forces that have been overthrown. We have had our first general encounter with socialism. There have been skirmishes before this—in Nebraska, in South Carolina, in Kansas, and in counties and towns here and there, chiefly in the far West and in the South. Perhaps we ought to have been prepared for the larger conflict, for we have seen the free-silver or cheap-money sentiment gaining ground, and we have known that the party which made the money question paramount included the enemies of the existing order of society. But their mobilization in a single camp was not expected, and it was even some time after the Chicago convention had met and nominated Mr. BRYAN and adjourned before people generally knew how much of Altgeldism the young candidate and his platform stood for. Probably even to this day Mr. BRYAN himself would be surprised to learn of what he is the outcome, and who are his kindred and co-workers in political and social science.

The money question has been paramount as an issue and in discussion because it has been the question put forward by the promoters of the socialistic programme which Mr. BRYAN'S election was intended to advance. It was the great question to many minds, and among them to Mr. BRYAN'S own mind. But it was, after all, only a phase of a world-wide movement. The republic, which was founded for the promotion and maintenance of the rights and liberties of man, has for four months been face to face with the proposition that its powers and resources should be employed for the benefit of the inapt, the lazy, the unintelligent, and the unfortunate, at the cost and to the inevitable loss of the skilful, the industrious, the intelligent, and the thrifty. It has been face to face, in other words, with the Old World movement of socialism, of the movement that has gone on ever since men dared to write and speak on the subject of government, and especially to question the right of the able to acquire more of property, more of comfort, and perhaps more of happiness than fall to the lot of the weaker brethren of the race.

By defeating Mr. BRYAN the country has escaped an actual experiment in socialism. If Mr. BRYAN had been elected, and if a Congress in sympathy with him had been chosen, doubtless we should have seen some attempts at legislation to which political philosophers of the future would have referred as curious phenomena under a republican form of government, because, instead of being for the "general welfare," in accordance with the well-known prescription of the Constitution, they would have been in aid of a favored class or in hostility to a hated class. Money would have been established for the purpose of cheating the creditor by permitting the debtor to repay his obligation with less money than he had borrowed, and for the further purpose of enabling the manufacturer and the farmer to pay less for their labor and to obtain more, or apparently more, for their products. We should have had railroads, telephones, and telegraphs run by the government at the cost of all for the profit and convenience of those who used them. He who desired to contract for payment in gold would have found that a paternal government had taken from him the freedom to make his own contract, to choose the kind of money in return for which he would consent to part with his goods or to render his services. Not only would legislation have discriminated against creditors as a class, but against all corporations holding land in excess of their needs—those needs to be determined by the Populists who might happen for the time to be in control of the government.

This is a comparatively mild programme when we think of the projects of the socialists of Europe, and especially of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN toiling at his bill for old-age pensions; but, nevertheless, it is the expression in this country of the same movement which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is courting in England, to which the Church of Rome made recent advances in Austria, which is powerful in the national government of France and in more than one French municipality, which is the ally of the clerical party in Brussels, and with which the aristocratic agrarians of Germany do not hesitate to coquet. The essence of the movement is hatred of those human institutions that give to the individual citizen the full benefit of all his abilities and of all the advantages of his opportunities. Its best understood expression is its declaration of war upon capital. If Mr. BRYAN and his party have not adopted the full programme of the cult which in Europe is struggling for the realization of the dreams and fantasies of KARL MARX, it is because, in their ignorance, the candidate and most of his political associates do not yet understand the logic of their attitude.

It must have been a droll spectacle to European socialists, that of a Presbyterian elder and a devoted husband leading the socialistic forces in America, for no socialist who is a logical enemy of property can be a friend either to the church or to the institution of marriage. But droll though the spectacle may be to sympathizers who recognize Mr. BRYAN'S limitations as a comrade, the time is likely to come when the leader of the American socialists will be better informed and more logical than Mr. BRYAN. There are plenty of instructors in the party that has just been overwhelmed by the verdict of the American people in favor of honesty. Governor ALTGELD and Mr. HENRY GEORGE are not likely to sit still under the present defeat, crushing as that may seem. We are doomed to meet them in other campaigns, when they will present their programme under new forms. This year we have consented to accept their paramount issue, and to rest the debate between our constitutional government and socialism on the question of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 by this country alone. It was a narrow question, but fortunately its narrowness told against the enemies of the government. Against the time when socialism renews its attempt to change the character of the government, and to destroy the Constitution by destroying the independent power of the Supreme Court, the people should be made to understand that Mr. BRYAN and his party are not loyal citizens of the republic who have been simply advocating their chosen methods for extending its blessings and for making it a more efficient instrument of good government. They are enemies of the republic, and if they or their successors ever succeed, they will establish a socialistic organization in its stead.

The friends of the republic have won in the first encounter. The country is not to make Mr. BRYAN'S socialistic experiment, and we firmly believe that socialism will never prevail on this soil if the voters understand the real motive of whatever political party may undertake its advancement. There is

no form of government so essentially hostile to socialism as the democratic form. What is needed is only the removal of the cloak with which its advocates attempt to disguise it.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIUMPH.

One of the curious results of the Chicago platform is that the President of the United States has been sustained and vindicated by the crushing defeat of the party which elected him four years ago. For though the principles of the party have been so widely departed from, the party, the organization, which went down with Bryan is continuous and identical with that which came into power with Cleveland. We do not mean that the President has been vindicated from the condemnation of him for maintaining order, commonly known as the free-riot plank. That was one of the incidental burdens the Bryan Democracy had to carry, and with that it loaded itself in order to oblige Altgeld and enable him to wreak his personal grudge against the President for putting down the riot which he himself would not put down. This is what Altgeld called "arbitrary interference by Federal authorities in local affairs." The free-riot plank was dead weight. It did not get a vote that would not have been got in any case by the declaration of a policy of repudiation and spoliation, while it alienated thousands upon thousands of the votes.

A more serious attack upon the President, and one more germane to the main thesis of the platform, was the condemnation of him for obtaining gold wherewith to maintain its parity with silver by the only means Congress had left open to him, namely, the buying it with bonds. The declaration of the platform upon this subject was: "We are opposed to the issuing of interest-bearing bonds of the United States in time of peace, and condemn the trafficking with banking syndicates, which, in exchange for bonds, and at an enormous profit to themselves, supply the Treasury with gold to maintain the policy of gold monometallism." This is really one of the most significant and one of the most diabolical of all the criminal follies of the platform. Bear in mind that the men who passed it had the impudence to call themselves, not repudiators or simple swindlers, but "bimetallists," and that they had just before in the platform declared they were "unalterably opposed to monometallism." It was natural and logical that they should denounce the President for maintaining the use of both metals in money by the only means in his power, but their denunciation of him showed that when they said they were opposed to monometallism they were mistaken, and that what they really sought was the substitution of silver monometallism.

In 1896, as in 1884, Mr. Cleveland has reason to be proud of "the enemies he has made." The friends of free riot denounced him for maintaining public order, which they wished to overthrow. The friends of free silver denounced him for maintaining the national credit, which they wished to impair, and for upholding the national honor, which they wished to defile. They submitted the issue between him and themselves to the people of the United States, and the people of the United States have chosen between Cleveland on the one hand, and Bryan and Altgeld and Tillman on the other. Bryan became the candidate of the enemies of order and the assailants of the public faith by means of the jaunty speech in which he said that upon the issue of the platform the enemies of the national honor, the opponents of the President for preserving the national honor, "expected to carry every State in the Union." He is wiser now. He and his confederates are now for the first time aware how far above their powers was the task they undertook in attempting to make the whole American people accomplices in the national degradation.

THE CUBAN SITUATION.

Within a month Congress will be in session again, and we may have Cuba in our daily newspaper as the most engrossing topic for national hysteria. Whatever the politicians or the journalists may have to say about the subject, however, Cuba and its revolt must continue to attract the attention of so near a neighbor as the United States. The time is approaching when Captain-General Weyler must endeavor to accomplish something. The unhealthy season is about over, and although during the past summer he has lost many of his troops by disease, he has still a large number of soldiers, and is receiving more. Spain is also obtaining money enough to pay off her most pressing obligations, although after that is done she will have very little left to go on with.

Hardly any one with an intelligent comprehension of the prevailing conditions in Cuba believes that the Spaniards can put down the rebellion. Weyler has not only gained nothing since he took charge of the island, but he has distinctly lost. Outside of Havana and a few of the other cities, Cuba is in possession of Maceo, Gomez, and Garcia. The country regions are in the power of the insurgents, and, notwithstanding recent official reports of Spanish victories, not one of the insurgent leaders has been driven from his chosen position. It is unsafe for a Spaniard or a sympathizer with Spain to show himself outside of the cities which are in possession of the Spanish troops.

The productive part of the island is in revolt, and is practically lying fallow. The ports are in the control of Spain. Cuba has temporarily ceased to be a producer of wealth and a contributor to the world's commerce. No country is so deeply concerned in this state of affairs as the United States. What can be done to put an end to the unfortunate rebellion and to restore peace to the island? So far the insurgents have not established their right to recognition as belligerents. They are not carrying on an active and aggressive warfare, but they are maintaining an obstinate and effective resistance to the weak efforts of Spain to recapture the wealth-producing parts of the island. They have no capital, nor any seaport, and it would be worse than idle for the United States to ignore the well-settled rules of international law on the subject of belligerency in aid of a sentiment. The commerce of the United States has already suffered sufficiently by reason of the outbreak, and it ought not to be made the object of the reprisals of both sides for the convenience of politicians.

It is high time that the conflict was ended, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Olney will be able to convince the Spanish government of the advisability of arranging matters with her revolted colonists before Congress meets. It would be better for Spain to surrender the island than to bankrupt her treasury for the carrying on of a contest in which she must eventually lose, or to incur the further hostility in this country which will be inevitable if our trade with the island and our public revenues are made to bear additional losses by reason of the continuance of the present state of things.

If Mr. Olney can convince Spain of this fact—a fact that is patent to some of her best friends—he may save both countries more serious trouble than has yet resulted from the revolt.

EMOTIONAL LIBERALITY.

One of the few men in active business who have had no complaint to make of the times, and have not waited until after election for matters to improve, is the Rev. Dr. Albert B. Simpson, the projector of the Christian Alliance. Since Dr. Simpson raised $101,000 at a missionary meeting at Old Orchard last summer his fame as a persuasive exhorter has greatly gone abroad. It was considerably amplified when he collected $112,000 at a meeting held on the 11th of October at Carnegie Hall. Some of the newspaper reporters who have been to Dr. Simpson's meetings think his methods are hypnotic, and declare that he works his hearers into such a state by his sensational deliverances that they lose their self-control, and are glad to let go of any valuable thing they may happen to have about them. Dr. Simpson says the imputation of hypnotism is absolutely untrue, and that people merely give what they choose, and entirely of their own volition. If any should give under sudden impulse and want their money back, it would surely be returned to them. In an interview published in the *Herald* he absolutely denied a story, published widely and in detail, about a woman who contributed an heirloom watch at the Old Orchard meeting, and wished afterwards to redeem it, but was not permitted to do so. That story, Dr. Simpson says, was an invention from beginning to end.

Dr. Simpson encourages his auditors to hope for the speedy second coming of Christ. No doubt this hope, aroused to a vivid pitch, is useful in relaxing the grip of human fingers on the tokens of terrestrial value. It is an interesting thought, if one may contemplate it without irreverence, that the second coming of our Lord would probably be accentuated by an unprecedented slump in stocks. This effect would result not necessarily from the destruction of property or any appearance of imminent peril to it, but from an enormous aggravation of interest in spiritual concerns, and the relegation of fiscal and other material considerations to a status of comparative neglect. Phenomena analogous to these seem to occur at Dr. Simpson's meetings. He is able to command in himself and to arouse in others so intense an expectation of the coming of the Saviour that the evidences of property lose value to his hearers, except as they may serve to express the intensity of their owners' enthusiasm.

In the sixteen years in which Dr. Simpson has been busy about the Christian Alliance he has raised about $700,000, which has been used or is to be used for missionary work. No doubt most of the people who gave it got their money's worth. The satisfactions of religious enthusiasm are very great. People who don't understand them undervalue them. If a woman keeps a carriage, they can see, or think they can, that she gets a handsome return for her money. But if, instead of a carriage, she keeps a missionary, they think her unthrifty, and believe her to be imposed upon besides. They are stupid, these worldlings. The chances are that the woman with the missionary gets more true and substantial satisfaction out of her investment than the woman who keeps the carriage.

If there is a valid objection to the methods that Dr. Simpson uses for raising missionary funds it is not that he gets money out of people which they don't want to give, nor that his givers do not get due returns, but that he probably induces some people to an over-indulgence in Alliance investments. Emotional people who are brought together and assured that Christ's coming is imminent are apt to forget all obligations except the one that is impressed upon them at that moment. If they give money that they can honestly spare by self-denial, no one need complain; but if their gifts leave them so stripped and crippled that they cannot meet their reasonable obligations as parents, members of families, and members of society, then they have given more than they had a right to part with. "There are working-girls in laundries and kitchens," says Dr. Simpson, "who have given from $50 to $250 apiece." No doubt they have enjoyed their gifts, but whether they have given justly is another question, and whether the instigation to such profuse liberality is wholly commendable is another question still.

GREAT BRITAIN AND VENEZUELA.

Sir Edward Clarke is enduring, with fortitude we trust, some rather violent criticism because he said in a speech last month that the report of the Venezuela Commission must be against England.

There is hardly any one at all familiar with the controversy, and who is not prejudiced in behalf of England, who does not believe that Sir Edward Clarke is right, so far as he goes. Mr. Cleveland has appointed a Commission for the purpose of finding out, if there is a boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana, where that boundary line is. It is quite probable that the report of the Commission will be that the boundary line cannot be determined by a judicial process, and that it must be fixed upon by convention. This is probably the truth of the matter, and it is also true that most of the British claims, including the Schomburgk line, are exaggerated and indefensible.

Our own ill-mannered and causeless interference in this matter seems to have been overlooked and pardoned, and it may be, as we have said before, that good will come out of it all. Great Britain, at all events, recognizes our right to a word in the international affairs of the American hemisphere, and, more than that, is probably glad enough to think that we may be eventually induced to participate with her in repelling whatever efforts Continental Europe may make for the purpose of gaining or increasing territorial possessions on this side of the Atlantic. It now seems likely that the question between Venezuela and Great Britain will be arbitrated, and that alone will be occasion for rejoicing. Furthermore, if the affair should end, as is also likely, in a general treaty of arbitration between this country and Great Britain, the ill feeling and chagrin occasioned by Mr. Olney's diplomatic methods might be forgotten in the glory of his success. Sir Edward Clarke's speech is not noteworthy as the hasty and ill-considered word of a prominent English politician, but because it indicates a growing disposition in England to respect the rights of a small power like Venezuela when urged by the United States. It may be that eventually Great Britain will be induced to live up to the requirements of the Paris award in respect to the protection of the seals.

SOME SUPERSTITIONS, PAST AND PRESENT.

The sending out of messages through the Hudson Bay Company to the inhabitants of the far North, to forewarn them that should an air-ship float into their region it was to be regarded as a natural and not a supernatural phenomenon, was thought necessary by the projectors of the proposed attempt to reach the pole in balloons. This gives one a realizing and rather startling sense of the stage of development of the inhabitants of those remote regions. Still, it does not necessarily remove them quite as far back into the dark ages as one might at first thought imagine.

Indeed, the present precaution is no doubt suggested by the experience of the early aeronauts, whose first efforts were made but little over a century ago. M. Rozier made the first ascent ever attempted by a human being in a balloon on October 15, 1783. His numerous imitators often had difficulty, when their balloons descended in rural districts, in securing aid from the natives; and on at least one occasion the peasants fell upon a balloon and tore it into shreds, regarding it as a device of the devil.

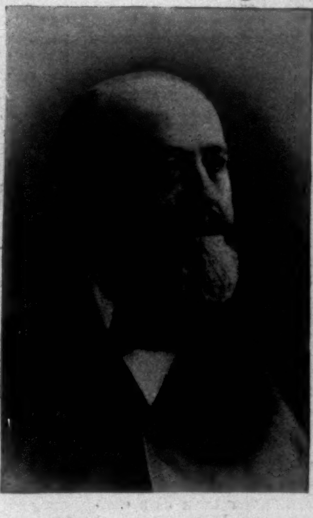
Even these experiences were surpassed earlier in the eighteenth century, when, in 1729, Bartholomew Gusmao, a Jesuit of Lisbon, constructed a fire-balloon in the form of a bird, and caused it to ascend in the presence of the King and Queen and a multitude; his partially successful experiment was rewarded by notification to the Inquisition that he was a sorcerer in need of the kind of attention commonly given heretics; and though he managed to flee the country, it is not recorded that he made other efforts.

The reception accorded the balloon by the French peasantry in 1783 suggests that bestowed upon another scientific device by the people of Paris itself at about the same time. When Guyton de Morveau, the great chemist, had placed Franklin's recently invented device, the lightning-rod, on a building in Paris, a mob surrounded the building, intent on avenging what they regarded as an unwarranted interference with the operations of the Deity. Their designs were averted only by assuring them that the really important part of the lightning-rod was the gold tip, and that this had been sent especially for the purpose by the Pope.

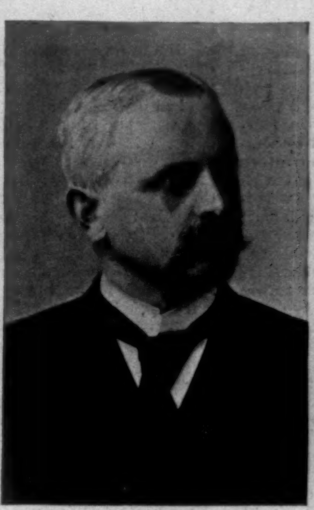
In seeking for illustrations of the retardation of science by popular superstition one need not go back even so far as this. He could tell of a dramatic incident in Kentucky in 1843, when Dr. Ephraim Macdowell performed the first laparotomy ever attempted by a surgeon, while a mob without the house had sworn to take his life should his patient die on the table, as every one except the heroic surgeon himself believed she would. Or one might recall that the clergy of the most enlightened countries in Christendom protested against the easing of the agonies of maternity by anæsthetics less than half a century ago, on the ground that it was unscriptural to give such solace to the daughters of Eve. One might even come nearer home, but perhaps it is as well to stop with this; for if such instances of popular delusions are to be recorded of our own time, it is pleasanter to have them associated with peoples at least geographically distant.

ELECTION NIGHT IN NEW YORK CITY—THE CROWD WATCHING THE RETURNS AT MADISON SQUARE.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 1122]

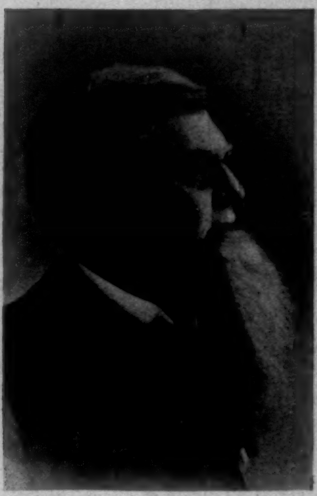
FRANK S. BLACK (*Rep.*),
Governor-elect of New York.
Photographed by Towne.



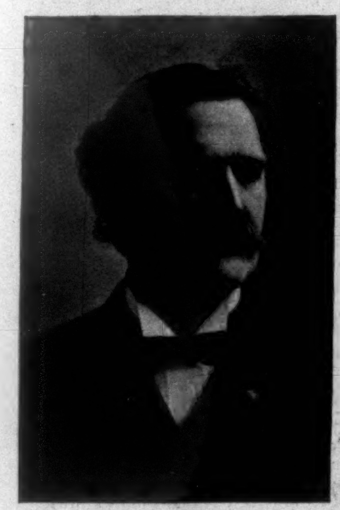
GEORGE A. RAMSDELL (*Rep.*),
Governor-elect of New Hampshire.



ROGER WOLCOTT (*Rep.*),
Governor-elect of Massachusetts.

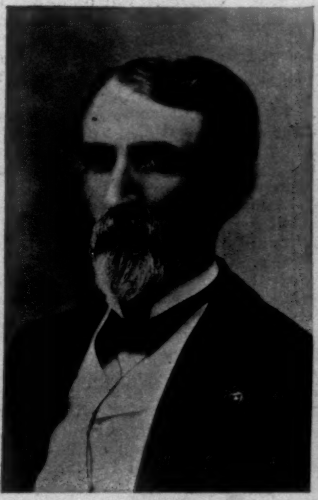


LORRIN A. COOKE (*Rep.*),
Governor-elect of Connecticut.

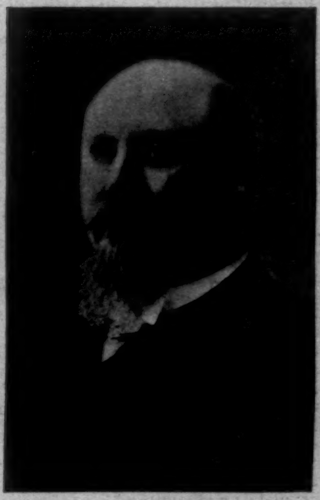


JOHN R. TANNER (*Rep.*),
Governor-elect of Illinois.

JAMES A. MOUNT (*Rep.*),
Governor-elect of Indiana.

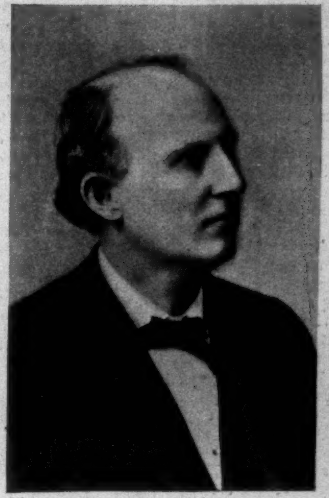


MAJOR EDWARD SCOFIELD (*Rep.*),
Governor-elect of Wisconsin.

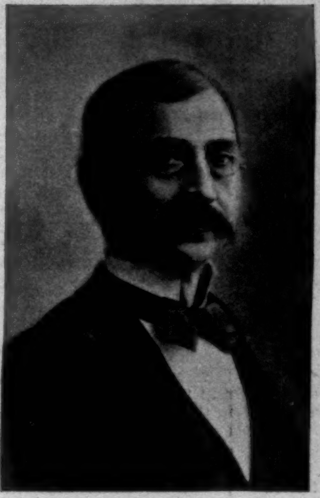


HAZEN S. PINGREE (*Rep.*),
Governor-elect of Michigan.

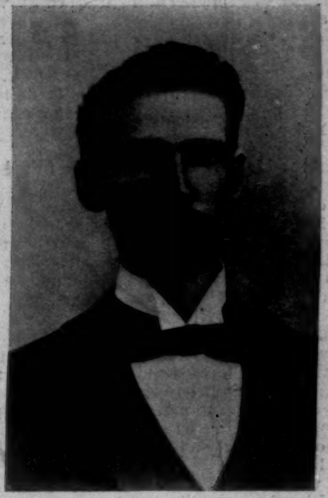
LON V. STEPHENS (*Fusion*),
Governor-elect of Missouri.



EBE WALTER TUNNELL (*Dem.*),
Governor-elect of Delaware.



G. W. ATKINSON (*Rep.*),
Governor-elect of West Virginia.



W. H. ELLERBEE (*Dem.*),
Governor-elect of South Carolina.
Photographed by Reckling.

NEWLY ELECTED GOVERNORS.—[See Page 1130.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

It is an example of the irony of Fate that Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, who has probably done more than any other teacher in America to educate the taste of the rising generation in architecture and art, should have had to pursue his labors amid surroundings which are a constant affliction to his artistic discernment. He has never disguised his dissatisfaction with the group of buildings in which at present the business of education is carried on at Harvard. Very recently he has been quoted as declaring that there is nothing in the Harvard College Yard to indicate that architecture is recognized there as an art. Indeed, he says, "the architecture here is even injurious in many cases, instead of being a source of pleasure to the student in his earlier years at college." The Fogg Museum, in which his own lectures are now given, he denounces as beneath contempt in its artistic character, and as being as defective for practical use as it is unpleasing to the eye.

Comparatively few lads who go to Harvard have their taste so far instructed while they are undergraduates as to know good buildings from bad, or to be inconvenienced by the appearance of the buildings they see about them. But when they go back after their ideas have matured, they often find that buildings with which they are perfectly familiar, on later inspection produce the most unexpected emotions. Still, the Harvard buildings have in one respect an educational value, for they mark by very striking examples the tortuous and halting progress of taste in America. It is something for a teacher of the fine arts to have at hand plenty of good examples of how buildings ought not to look, and Professor Norton can never complain that his instruction lacks that sort of illustration.

How long will it be before American railroads will become aware of the propriety of selling long-distance commutation tickets to persons who make considerable journeys at frequent intervals? There are men who travel from Chicago to New York several times a month the year round, as also from St. Louis, Cincinnati, and all the other big Western cities. Buffa.o, Rochester, and all the New York State cities, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, and other towns, contain people whose business takes them to the metropolis nearly every week. It revolts the thrift of these regular travellers to pay full rates every trip, and very many of them in consequence manage in one way or another to get passes. What they ought to have, and what it would probably be profitable for railroads to offer them, is a ten-thousand-mile ticket, or books good for twelve, twenty-five, or fifty trips a year between the city where they live and New York. The sale of these tickets or books at reduced rates would greatly promote in the contemporary American that restlessness which is so profitable to railroads, and at the same time might allay in some measure the eagerness of habitual and frequent travellers to ride free.

The Med. Fac. Society at Harvard, as some readers of this part of the Weekly know, is an organization of considerable antiquity, the sole purpose of which is understood to be devilment. Devilment being boyish and somewhat outgrown at Harvard, the Med. Fac. is less active than it used to be, and some persons think it no longer exists. The *Sun* lately happened on an old Med. Fac. catalogue, from which it collated much interesting information, but

in dwelling upon the activities of the society in the past it permitted itself to make assertions as to its decadence which would be more impressive if they could be verified. It asserted that though in the old days the Med. Fac. had a right to live, because the best and brightest men in college belonged to it and performed witty exploits which caused general merriment, nowadays its members, if there are any, "make fools of themselves and disgrace Harvard by defiling the statue of John Harvard and by similar childish tricks." The Med. Fac. follows the astute example of the Adversary in never concerning itself with newspaper libels, but inasmuch as there is a very general conviction that even the devil should have his due, it is proper enough to state that neither the police nor the general public possess any information which sustains the *Sun's* charge that the Med. Fac. ever defiled John Harvard's statue, or indicates that it stole the Louisburg cross off of the Harvard Library or has committed any other gross and stupid act of vandalism. It is within the knowledge of many persons now living that as recently as fifteen years ago the members of the Med. Fac. were still gentlemen of good standing in college society, and though doubtless of a somewhat festive turn of mind, were presumably incapable of the stupid and criminal outrages for which the society has been blamed. That the Med. Fac. has retired from active business is very probable, because Harvard has outgrown horse-play and elaborate jokes; but that it has so degenerated as to be a disgrace to Harvard isn't likely at all, and the *Sun* ought not to say so unless it has authentic grounds on which to base its statements.

A correspondent, who describes herself as a reader of this department of the WEEKLY, writes to say:

"I have been reading 'The Next Room' in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Do you know how it happens that Octave Thanet has such a liking for sheriffs and detectives? There are lots of them in her stories, and all nice."

There is nothing that needs explanation about Miss French's use of officers of the law in her stories. Most story-writers have a leaning toward detectives, and like to use them in their business; and as for sheriffs, when things are going wrong in a story, as in real life, there is nothing handier to have about than a man in authority who is strong and kind and has the law back of him and can straighten matters out. If Miss French's sheriffs had needed to be accounted for, Professor Matthews would probably have dealt with them in his *Aspects of Fiction*. But he didn't, and there is the more reason to feel that they are all regular and natural. One of the crying needs of the times seems to be that Miss French should write a story about the Sultan of Turkey, and bring in all the sheriffs of her acquaintance, each with a big posse comitatus, and give us justice at last. If she will undertake it, Mr. Frank Stockton shall be detailed, if she wishes it, to assist her; and if there is a hanging, as there should be, Mr. Frost shall draw the noose.

Pursuant to a resolution of the last Congress, the Philadelphia mint is to begin this month to make experiments with new metals and combinations of metals to determine whether any improvement can be made in our present copper and nickel coinage. It may give us aluminum cents in place of the copper pieces now in use, and possibly a new species of five-cent pieces, made entirely of nickel, or perhaps half of nickel and half of copper. There is so slight a suggestion of copper in the present five-cent piece that it is a surprise to read that 75 per cent. of it is copper and only 25 per cent. nickel. The present cent contains 95 per cent. of copper, 2 per cent. of tin, and 3 per cent. of zinc. The objection is made to it that it is hard to distinguish by feeling between a cent and a silver ten-cent piece.

A curious bit of news that lately found its way into print concerns the resignation of Lieutenant Joseph R. Binns, of the Second Infantry, which he tendered last month in a long letter disclosing his belief that the election would be followed by a collision between the army of the United States and the people. He said he could not conscientiously serve against the people of this country, and his resignation, it appears, was immediately accepted. It is well that Lieutenant Binns and the army have parted company. His apprehensions were ill-founded, but if he had been at all suited to his job, his very fears would have kept him at his post till all danger was past. He might have realized that, whatever service he was called upon to perform, a very large proportion of the people would be on his side, and that the service required of him would only be to do his part in preserving order; but apparently those considerations did not have weight with him. To be a soldier is evidently not Lieutenant Binns's true calling.

The ashes of Miss Kate Field, as to the final disposition of which there has been so much uncertainty, are finally to rest, it seems, in Mount Auburn. Her body was expected to arrive in San Francisco on the steamer from Honolulu last week, and the intention was that it should be cremated at San Francisco, and the ashes sent to Boston for final interment. Such was Miss Field's desire, as expressed in her will, which was lately found, the provisions of which her faithful friend, Mr. Kohlsatt, of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, has undertaken to have carried out.

When one sees "What Education Does for the Indian" standing as the head-line of a newspaper editorial, it seems hardly necessary to read what follows. We all know what education has done for the Indians of the Carlisle School. It has enabled them to turn out a football team that played what apparently ought to have been a tie with Yale, and kept Harvard down to four points. Incidentally it has done much more, but that particular achievement is unquestionably the most impressive at the present moment, and not altogether on frivolous grounds, either.

It grieves the spirits of the overseers of Harvard that they should have to spend the money of the university in teaching Harvard Freshmen the elements of English composition. They think that that work should be done in the grammar-schools and academies, and when they find evidence in the examination papers of successful applicants for admission to the college that it has not been done, they are stirred to indignation and to disparagement of the methods used in the preparatory schools. At a meeting held October 28 the overseers voted that every candidate for admission to the undergraduate departments of the university should give evidence that he can write the English language with such degree of neatness and skill in penmanship, correctness in spelling and grammar, and with such facility of expression as will enable him to enter, without further elementary instruction, on the elective studies to which he proposes to devote himself, including the more advanced courses in English composition. They did not prescribe precise methods for bringing this desirable proficiency to pass, but voted to request the faculty to see about it.

Truly the Harvard overseers are ambitious men, and of a profound capacity for expectation. Think how difficult it is merely to spell right! And skill and neatness in penmanship, what pains that involves! The chief practice in penmanship that school-boys have after they begin to fit for college is in taking notes in class and writing examination papers, neither of which exercises is conducive either to neatness or skill. And facility of expression too! The overseers think, then, that that is not a favor of fortune, but an acquirement that can be duly clubbed down out of the tree of knowledge at the instigation of pedagogues?

To be a pleasing and skilful writer is an excellent accomplishment, but it has been used to be regarded as one of the perfected fruits of education rather than as a condition precedent to collegiate training. If the Harvard faculty can contrive to constrain the preparatory schools to impart it to their pupils it will be a gain to civilization, and doubtless a saving of trouble and expense to Harvard College. But doubtless the overseers, though duly bent on getting all they can out of the preparatory schools, will hesitate to go so far as to deny the benefits of Harvard instruction to all who are not good writers. Expression comes hard to some men of very sound and substantial minds, just as it comes easy to some shallowpates; and of course, if the choice should lie between the lad who can write but cannot think, and the one who can think but is a lame writer, the lad who can think is the one better worth the trouble of instruction.

That vigorous association of architects, the T Square Club, of Philadelphia, has issued its thirteenth annual report, and finds itself strong, prosperous, and increasingly influential. As the representative architectural organization of the State of Pennsylvania, it believes itself destined to accomplish works of high usefulness, especially in the adornment and beatification of Philadelphia. "Let us strive," says President Kelsey, in his annual address to the club, "to do for Philadelphia what Baron Haussmann did for Paris"—a great purpose, and fit for a company of architects to aspire to, though doubtless Philadelphians who like their town as it is would grieve to see it fully accomplished. The T Square Club gives an architectural exhibition next month in connection with the Annual Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture at the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts.

E. S. MARTIN.

LONDON.

THE general feeling here over the Presidential election is one of honest thankfulness and congratulation. Mr. Bryan's campaign touched British investments at a vital point, and the interest in the result has been in proportion to the gravity of the situation. On the whole, the London papers have been excellently served by their correspondents. Mr. Smalley's letters to the *Times* have attracted the most attention—more, perhaps, than they were worth. The readers of the *Daily News* have undoubtedly been able to get the clearest view of the campaign. The articles contributed by its New York correspondent have been singularly well written, accurate, and comprehensive. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has on its staff two or three American journalists, has also commented intelligently on its cablegrams, and the *Saturday Review* has shown itself equally trustworthy. On the other hand, there have been Mr. Frewen's astonishing letters to the *Times*, and some wildly sensational cablegrams sent over by Americans from New York. But, generally speaking, England has been able to get a clear grasp on the whole question. No paper that I have seen ever went so far as to prophesy Mr. Bryan's success. Their attitude was cautiously hopeful. And now that all anxiety is done away with, you find the popular opinion to be that if there is no country in the world except America where the silver craze could have made such headway, there is also no country which could have quashed it more emphatically. The English people have no prejudice in favor of Mr. McKinley. His policy is hostile to British interests; they distrust his financial soundness. But they recognized that if his election would be a blow to England, the election of his opponent would be a blow to the whole world. Like the American people, they chose the lesser of the two evils.

Once again the "Puritan party" has attacked the London music-halls and been defeated. These excellent people are acting from lofty motives, but with a very imperfect grasp of the situation. They object to the character of the songs, to the supply of drinks, to the promenade, to the men and women who frequent it—in fact, to the whole thing. No one pretends that you get a particularly refined form of entertainment at the Empire or Pavilion, for instance, or that all the spectators are there for the sole purpose of witnessing the performance. But what these "prudes on the prowl" will not recognize is that the millennium is not here yet, and that if you put too tight a curb on the "halls" you only drive people to holes and corners where there is no watchful eye upon them. The Licensing Committee refused to be scandalized by the adventures of pale curates and preposterous old ladies at these secular haunts, and in every case the licenses were renewed.

S. B.

SANTIAGO DE CHILI.

THE inauguration of Don Federico Errázuriz, the new President of Chili, took place on the 18th of last September at Santiago, the capital of the republic. On that occasion the Chilians showed once more that they are not unworthy of the name of "South American Yankees," as they are sometimes called. The ceremonies of inauguration at Santiago were conducted with the same dignity and peaceful enthusiasm which attend the installation of Presidents at Washington. They were as quiet as the electoral campaign itself had been, which is not too often the case, unfortunately, in South and Central American republics, where changes in administration are frequently the result of revolutions and the occasion of tumultuous riots. Early in the morning of the inauguration the whole city of Santiago was decorated, and the people crowded in the streets. An noon the President-elect, Señor don Federico Errázuriz, left his private residence, and proceeded to the room of the Secretary of the Congress. Soon after, Señor don Jorge Montt, the outgoing President, entered the hall of Congress, and the act proclaiming the election of the new Supreme Magistrate was proclaimed. Don Federico Errázuriz then entered the hall in his turn, and took the oath of office. At this moment President Montt took off the scarf which adorned his breast, and handed it to the President of the Senate, who placed it upon the breast of Señor Errázuriz amidst the applause and "vivas" of the Senators, Congressmen, and the people in the galleries. That scarf was the same one which had been worn by his illustrious father during his Presidential term—1871-6. The whole assembly proceeded then to the cathedral, where the archbishop, surrounded by his clergy, sang a solemn "Te Deum." After the religious ceremony the new President went to the executive mansion, in front of which he reviewed the troops which had attended the inauguration.

F. A.

CHICAGO.

THE Chicago Historical Society is about to take possession of its new home, and the public will soon have access to its collections. It has profited by the disastrous experience of two great fires—for it was burned out in 1871 and 1874—and its new building is absolutely fire-proof. This statement for once is to be taken literally, since nothing but stone and metal has been used in the construction, and there will be nothing combustible within the walls—except, of course, the furniture and the collections. The latter are remarkably rich, when we consider that they have been brought together in about twenty years. They include portraits of such men as Champlain, Bienville, and Frontenac; of the English governors of the Northwestern territory; of Washington, Clark, Lincoln, Grant, and Sheridan. The books number about twenty thousand, and there are about twice as many pamphlets. A series of medallions and bass-reliefs illustrate typical characters and incidents of early Illinois history. The collection of autographs is very rich, and nearly realizes the ambition of the society to possess examples of the handwriting of every prominent person who had anything to do with the early history of this part of the New World. There are autographs of Columbus, of Richelieu and Mazarin, of many French and English kings, of Joliet and La Salle. Great efforts have been made to complete this collection by adding a Marquette manuscript, now owned by the Jesuits in Montreal, but without success. For the bringing together of all these treasures credit is due to many persons, chief among whom, in both knowledge and zeal, is Mr. Edward G. Mason, who has long been president of the society, and whose activities, no less than his broad and exact historical scholarship, have for many years been given without stint to the service of the organization.

Those who were present at the concert given by the Chicago Orchestra the Saturday evening just preceding the election will long remember the thrill of patriotic emotion that was felt at the close of the entertainment. The last number on the programme was a suite from *Les Erinnies*, by Massenet; but the last number that the audience heard was "The Star-spangled Banner," which Mr. Thomas tacked on at the end of the Massenet music, and which was given by the full band of nearly a hundred performers, aided by the great Auditorium organ. There were from four to five thousand people in the audience, and a common impulse brought them all to their feet. The orchestra had not got very far into the piece before the listeners concluded to supply a chorus, and a volume of sound that has not often been equalled filled the hall and brought the song to a triumphant close. That Saturday had been Flag day in Chicago, and could not have had a more fitting close.

Now that this cruel campaign is over, and we are all wondering why we were so badly scared, it is pleasant to reflect that the defeated candidate has a home to which he may retire for a season of prayerful meditation. About a week before the election a Chicago merchant, one of Mr. Bryan's supporters, presented him with a house and lot in Lincoln, Nebraska. The gift was announced with a great flourish by Chairman Jones, who stated its value to be $18.000. A day or two after the newspapers instituted a few inquiries, and reported the property to be worth about $500. They also stated that there was a mortgage of $400 on it, and a bill for $5 18 unpaid taxes. These reports aroused the sympathies of Mr. Bryan's friends, and a subscription to pay the taxes was suggested. But the movement was no sooner started than the donor came out with a letter, in which he denied the soft impeachment as far as mortgage and taxes were concerned, but stated that the property had cost him $900 all together. The logic of the $18,000 valuation is now perfectly clear. Nine hundred dollars would have meant $1800 in free silver, and the extra cipher was added inadvertently by Chairman Jones, who probably thought for the moment that he was figuring out a Bryan plurality in New York or Illinois, or some other doubtful State. So Mr. Bryan's home will be a humble one; but we all know the words of the song.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

As the smoke of the battle clears away, an opportunity has been given to study the characters, and the bearing in defeat, of the free-silver leaders in Massachusetts. They form a most ill-assorted collection, in which it is impossible to find a trait common to all. If there were any such trait, it would probably be a love of notoriety. Mr. Williams's motives seem inexplicable to an outsider, but his former associates find little difficulty in explaining them. The last infirmity of noble minds amounts with him to a passion, and he has a convenient emotional twist which enables him to mislead himself with a clear conscience. "Tim" Coakley, his lieutenant, is an ambitious, strenu-

ous, glib young Irishman, who has been through bankruptcy once or twice, and who looks upon politics as a sort of prolonged wake. In the background stand Mr. Frank Sanborn, last of the Concord sages, a man of fine intellectual gifts, with a genius for opposing the majority; Mr. Brooke Adams, who has original views, and no other, upon every possible subject; and Mr. R. T. Paine, a person of such respectability that no city in the world except Boston could have produced him. It might be said of all these persons, in sporting phrase, that they "would take a lot of beating"; and it is apparent from their behavior that the overwhelming victory of their opponents has not diminished for a moment their belief in the cause—and in themselves.

The Stock Exchange in Boston on the day following the election was the scene of such excitement as has not been witnessed there for some years. The market opened in great spirits, and within an hour almost everything on the list had gone up about four or five points. One speculator, who had bought liberally a few days before, cleared ten thousand dollars in half an hour, and doubtless there were many others who did almost as well for themselves. The air was full of hoarse cries and shouts, and agitated by the waving of arms and hats. The result of the election had been expected, and yet in almost everybody's mind there had been a doubt—a fear of the unknown. Two days before election one prominent bank locked up seven hundred thousand dollars and refused to loan anything, and some of the oldest bankers and brokers in the city were almost in a state of panic. The Free Silverites, like the man who missed the woodchuck, did not succeed in bringing down their opponents, but they gave them a great scare. H. C. M.

NEW ORLEANS.

There has perhaps been no more enthusiastic gathering of colored people in New Orleans than that held on the last day of October to inaugurate the Phyllis Wheatley Training-School for Nurses. The school is for the education of colored girls as hospital and professional nurses, and the enthusiasm of the colored people over its success was largely due to the fact that they themselves organized the charity without the usual assistance from their white brethren. All the negro charities in the South have been organized and established by the whites, and the progress of the colored race was never better illustrated than in its organization of this school. It is connected with the medical department of the New Orleans University, a college for colored youth supported by the Methodist Church. The college is of recent origin, and has already done good work in instilling some ideas of sanitation in the minds of the negroes; and, in connection with the Phyllis Wheatley School, it is expected largely to improve the sanitary condition of the negroes and reduce the death rate among them, which, in New Orleans, is nearly twice as great as that of the whites.

The opera is New Orleans's greatest institution. There was no opera last season, because "the times were hard"; and New Orleans determined to have it this year if it had to go without the carnival to assure it. M. Charley, an impresario who has been operating in South America, agreed to take charge for the season. The troupe is always engaged in France, and there M. Charley spent the summer, engaging his artists. He found the French singers very much impressed by "the silver craze" in America. They believed America still "the land of dollars," but they were afraid that they were silver dollars, and the first clause of every contract that he made with them provided for their payment in French gold. When the impresario arrived here at the beginning of October, and encountered the full blast of an American Presidential campaign, his courage soon oozed out. "What am I to do?" he asked every one he met. "How can I take in silver dollars at the box-office and pay out gold dollars to my artists?" The impresario concluded to await developments. He had decided to begin his opera early in November, but it was too risky. The date was postponed until November 20, and M. Charley arranged to have the troupe leave France November 6. He would know the result of the election then, and could countermand the sailing of the troupe if the situation looked unpromising. He has waited impatiently a month for the election, and every patron of the opera has been kept in a state of doubt and uncertainty during all that time as to whether New Orleans is or is not to have opera this year. It may perhaps explain why the women of New Orleans were so enthusiastic for sound money, for its defeat meant to them not only great financial disaster, panic, and bankruptcy, but no opera as well. As it is, the scare has cheated them out of nearly three months of the season. N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The political campaign in California which is just ended was marked by the absence of all great spectacular displays, except at the close, when the Republicans of San Francisco indulged in an enormous daylight parade, which showed the devotion of the business and manufacturing interests to McKinley. Here, as in New York, nine-tenths of the commercial houses were for McKinley, and the majority of the employés were in sympathy with their employers. The talk of any coercion is absurd, for the passion for independence is so strong in California that nothing like instructions in regard to voting are ever tolerated. The Republican campaign in city and State was made on educational lines strictly; the best speakers were engaged, and their main efforts were devoted to showing that prosperity and honest government could be secured only by voting for McKinley. The Democrats, on the contrary, preached free silver, and aroused class prejudice. The latter was easy of accomplishment in a State which has always had a large floating population of laborers whose creed is hatred of capitalists and corporations. The Democrats have thus revived something of that bitter and dangerous feeling which marked the famous Kearney sand-lot movement. It has given them votes, but it will yet rise up to smite them, as it did nearly a score of years ago, when Kearney was overthrown.

To preserve the natural wonders of the far West a Federal commission should be appointed, and California would furnish a fine field for such a body to begin work in. The Yosemite Valley has been protected by the government, as well as the grander Hetch-Hetchy Valley—as yet unknown to the tourist—but much of the magnificent forest of the high Sierra is being wasted by vandals, and many unique objects are in danger of complete destruction. One of the great curiosities in the State is the grove of date-palm trees in Palm Cañon, on the edge of the Colorado desert, a hundred miles east of Los Angeles. These trees are the growth from seeds dropped by explorers over a century ago, when they came up through the dreary desert to the coast. Here in a rocky cañon are growing several hundred genuine date-palms, many over fifty feet in height, while all along the edge of the creek that brawls through the narrow cleft between ledges of weather-worn granite are younger palms, their delicate fan-shaped leaves showing sharp and clear against the dark rocky background. Over all is a sky as blue, as cloudless, as intensely tropical, as that of Algiers. This cañon, which has no known counterpart on this continent, forms part of the Cahuila Reservation, and the Indians let their horses and cattle run in it, to the great detriment of the young palms, as well as the sycamore, wild locust, black alder, desert willow, and other rare trees. The Indians have also killed many of the finest palms by building fires against their trunks while in annual camp for gathering dates. Something should be done, and done at once, to preserve Palm Cañon, as a few years will see it ruined beyond repair. It is only a few miles from Palm Springs, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and it is already well known to California lovers of picturesque scenery. G. H. F.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Thus far in the present theatrical season the American dramatist is having almost a monopoly of public favors. With the exceptions of one play and one musical comedy, the current successes—and the failures too—have been indigenous products. There is a reason for this, apart from the energetic scribbling and the commercial spirit of the native playwright; he has the field to himself because comparatively few successful pieces of any kind are being produced in England, France, or Germany. The German writers, upon whom Mr. Daly formerly was wont to rely for his plots, have been particularly sterile of late, thereby causing Mr. Daly considerable loss of prestige as a dramatist. Parisian play-goers have been living on revivals, with an occasional new farce, in which freedom of dialogue has striven to atone for conventionality of plot. The scarcity of transatlantic successes has forced managers to give the American dramatist the "chance" for which he has been clamoring for years past. The result is that only two of the Broadway theatres offer attractions with the hall-mark "Made in Europe." Sad to relate, several of the alleged American successes owe their bone and sinew to Gallic originators. *Lost, Strayed, or Stolen* is almost a literal translation, and its humor is that of the Parisian prototype. *Half a King* is original only in its songs, and American only in the outrageous slang, without which Mr. Francis Wilson seems to think he cannot entertain his constituents. *Too Much Johnson* is another comedy which an American author wrote with a French dictionary. But, generally speaking, the display of the stars and stripes on Broadway is creditable. The strongest and most original play of the season is thoroughly American—*Secret Service*, in which Mr. William Gillette again shows himself as one of the strongest forces in the development of our native art of the stage. In Mr. Gillette's *Held by the Enemy* there was a scene that Victor Hugo might have imagined, while the treatment had no little of the Sardou technique. The same qualities appear in *Secret Service*. A man who can write such a play and give so effective an impersonation of its leading character possesses real genius for the stage. Hereafter Mr. Gillette should devote his abilities to serious work of this sort, leaving to lesser talents the adaptation of imported farces.

Romantic drama is having its day in London. The success of *The Prisoner of Zenda* on its first production was sufficient to warrant its revival by Mr. George Alexander, pending his presentation of Mr. Carton's comedy, *The Tree of Knowledge*. At the Haymarket, Mr. Edward Rose, who so cleverly dramatized *The Prisoner of Zenda*, is represented by his adaptation of Mr. Weyman's *Under the Red Robe*. By many readers this story is considered Mr. Weyman's most artistic work. It is so well constructed, and written with so nice a sense of proportion, that it lends itself readily to the adapter's hand. Mr. Rose has worked in co-operation with the novelist, and certain alterations have been made in the story to the advantage of the play. *Under the Red Robe* may be called the apotheosis of the swashbuckler. Monsieur Gils de Berault shows the evolution of a decent and respectable cavalier from a swaggering brawler and gamester. In the novel the gradations of the Sieur de Berault's transitions of character were shown with considerable art, and that this is one of the elements in the success of the play there can be little doubt. The public has wearied of simple heroes and unmitigated villany. There is a demand for complex characters, the good and the bad intermingling. There is more human nature in this. Doubtless the audiences at the Haymarket begin, as the reader does, by detesting Monsieur Gils, and end by liking him as a thoroughly good fellow. The part is played in London by Herbert Waring. His appearance is likened to one of Meissonier's seventeenth-century swordsmen, and the critics compare his acting with that of Charles Fechter in the days of *Don Cæsar* and *Ruy Blas*. Miss Winifred Emery is equally successful in the rather conventional rôle of Renee de Cocheforet. *Under the Red Robe* is to be presented here when *Rosemary* ceases to attract, with Mr. John Drew as De Berault. It will be interesting to see Mr. Drew, the light comedian, as the hero of romantic melodrama of the *capa y spada* class. With the exception of *Under the Red Robe*, the only novelty in London of any importance is *Love in Idleness*, a comedy, in the authorship of which Louis Parker (one of the collaborators in *Rosemary*) is associated with Edward Goodman. The comedy is one of the *Rosemary* pattern, but more modern. The leading character is assumed by the comedian Edward Terry, and the play has made an agreeable impression. J. M. Barrie's new comedy, *The Marriage Feast*, is anticipated with interest. Mr. Barrie's *Professor's Love-Story*, in which Mr. Willard was successful here, proved that the author of *The Window in Thrums* possesses no little of the play-maker's craft.

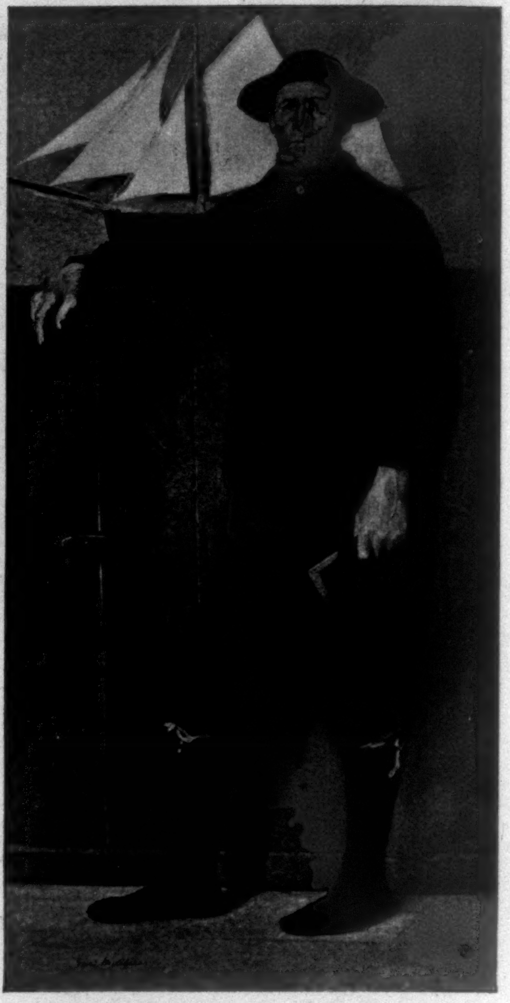
The recent novelties in Paris are operatic. Glinka's opera, *La Vie pour le Tzar*, has just been given its first performance in the French capital, as the result of the ambition of an amateur impresario to found a Russian opera in Paris. This visionary amateur has selected as the scene of his possible managerial triumphs the Nouveau Théâtre, which adjoins the Casino de Paris, so Glinka's patriotic choruses are occasionally mingled with the rollicking dance-tunes of the opposition establishment. It is stated that the Russian opera was heard with respect, but without enthusiasm. The other operatic novelty is called "a spectacular comic opera," and is the result of the collaboration of Edmond Audran, composer of *La Mascotte*, and Maurice Ordonneau, author of numerous lively farces and vaudevilles. *La Poupée*, as the piece is called, is sufficiently old in idea. An animated doll has been served up in every imaginable form on the stage. Offenbach used the notion in *Contes d'Hoffmann*, Delibes used it in *Coppélia*, while the German ballet *Puppenfee* has been produced in this country, and has recently been revived with success in Vienna. *La Poupée* does not meet with critical favor, but Mlle. Sully in the title part is commended for her singing, and for the cleverness with which she represents an automaton. The low ebb of the dramatic tide in Paris may be judged when it is stated that the "novelty" is a revival of Schiller's *Don Carlos* (in eleven scenes) at the Odéon. "Prodigiously tedious," is the Parisian verdict upon this venerable melodrama.

From the hero of *Mr. Barnes of New York* to the title part in *The Mummy* is a lengthy stride for any actor to take, and it is to the credit of Mr. Robert Hilliard that he makes the step without apparent effort. *The Mummy* is a farce of English authorship, and as the current attraction of the Garden Theatre it serves its purpose, which is merely to entertain. The plot is akin to that of *Niobe*, which had a successful run both in this country and in England. The incidents suggest a certain comic opera of American make and Egyptian locale which was produced last year. It is highly probable that the farce owes its origin to Mr. Conan Doyle's story, *Lot 249*, in which, however, the vivifying of a mummy was treated seriously, in the manner of Poe. Messrs. George Day and Allan Reed have given the theme a comic twist. In *Niobe* a statue was electrified, while in *The Mummy* the same vitalizing force is applied to the embalmed remains of Rameses II. The complications following this galvanizing process are much alike in the two farces, but this does not detract from the humorous qualities of the newer piece. Indeed, there are certain fundamental comic ideas which audiences find perennially amusing, as Diggory found the story of "Old Grouse in the Gun-room." Upon one of these stock situations *The Mummy* is based.

There are in New York a few persons who are very callow, or very *blasé*, or both, and who think that New York, in order to be a metropolis, should be able to say with Topsy, "Golly, I'se so wicked!" At intervals there is a sporadic attempt to introduce upon the local stage certain phases of degeneracy which are supposed to be inseparable from the career of a *viveur* in "gay Paree." The present leader of this contingent—those who are determined to be naughty or perish in the attempt—is Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, ruler of the large white Olympus at Long Acre. Mr. Hammerstein is a man of many ambitions, and one of them seems to be a yearning to be Parisian. This aspiration is manifested in most of his enterprises in the way of ballet and comic opera. His latest attempt in this line is the introduction of public dances after the fashion of the Jardin Mabille. Professional dancers of the high-kicking variety lead the ball, and masks are advertised for those who are ashamed of themselves. Mr. Hammerstein classifies this as a Bal Champêtre. A peculiarity of all foreign attempts to imitate the Latin Quarter and absinthe phases of Parisian life is that the counterfeit hilarity is hopelessly dull. Americans cannot imitate students and grisettes with any better success than they can dance the bolero or the tarantella. American prejudice against elaborate Terpsichorean vulgarity is racial. There is enough of the Puritan blood left in us, and enough of Anglo-Saxon common-sense, to prevent our enjoyment of the deliberately improper. To what class does Mr. Hammerstein think he can appeal with his Gothamite Moulin Rouge? Respectable people will think the exhibition vulgar, while others will find the police surveillance a barrier to their enjoyment. The Bal Champêtre will doubtless meet with the fate that overtook another manager's New York counterfeit of the Cabaret du Néant.

If Messrs. De Koven and Smith, authors of *The Mandarin*, are at all influenced by the criticisms in the daily press, they must have been greatly puzzled by the divergent opinions regarding their new Chinese opera, *The Mandarin*. While one diurnal reviewer proclaims in large type that "*The Mandarin* lacks life," a brother censor hails the opera in still larger capitals as "a very jolly mandarin." The salaried authority of one journal states that "if the music had been as good as the book it would have been possible to call *The Mandarin* a success." On the other hand, an opposition critic affirms that "Mr. De Koven has done his share toward the success of the opera; for it is a success." One arbiter of taste alleges that "the music is far below the standard of *Robin Hood*." Another connoisseur opposes this with, "The music is quite as good as some of the best in *Robin Hood*." Exhibit A shows that "*The Mandarin* is the best libretto since Gilbert turned out *The Mikado*." Exhibit B alludes to "three hours of lyric and dialogue, without the sparkle of wit." Another, "Mr. Smith has never before written so clever and witty a libretto." One of the most experienced of the local reviewers maintains of the author that "in construction he is inefficient," while an equally capable judge says, "The story is well constructed." A local Longinus states that "the story is worked out with marked ingenuity and humor"; but, on the contrary, a Gothamite Zoilus opines that "much of the fun the plot suggested has escaped the librettist." It is no uncommon thing for doctors to disagree, but it is infrequent that one says that the patient is suffering from a broken leg, while another from the same symptoms diagnoses a sore throat. The door must be open or shut. It is impossible that a work shall be absolutely good and entirely bad, a great success and a complete failure. Opinions equally divergent are expressed upon nearly every play that is presented in New York.

"THE WRECK."—BY WINSLOW HOMER.



"THE SHIP-BUILDER."—BY GARI MELCHERS.

PICTURES AT PITTSBURG.

THE æsthetic and educational advantages of Andrew Carnegie's munificent gift of an art gallery to Pittsburg are manifest in the fine showing made at the first annual exhibition, now being held in the beautiful building in Shenley Park in that city.

During a trip abroad the past summer the director, John W. Beatty, has made a careful and judicious selection among the Old World studios of the work of prominent foreign painters and many famous Americans residing in Europe.

There are money prizes to be awarded to the two paintings that shall be judged to have the most merit, native painters only being eligible, the works to possess a distinctively American and modern character.

While concessions have been made to the popular element among the foreigners, there is still a good average of worthy examples of progressive work.

The international character of the collection has not prevented a thoroughly representative showing of American painters. Among them are many of the best of the younger element, as well as the older and longer known men in the profession. There are the familiar studies of Elihu Vedder's decoration for the new Congressional Library, two pictures by John La Farge, a landscape by George Inness, some marines by Winslow Homer, landscapes by Frank Currier and Frank Duveneck, and noteworthy examples by Frank D. Millet, H. W. Ranger, Arthur Parton, J. Francis Murphy, and Henry Mosler.

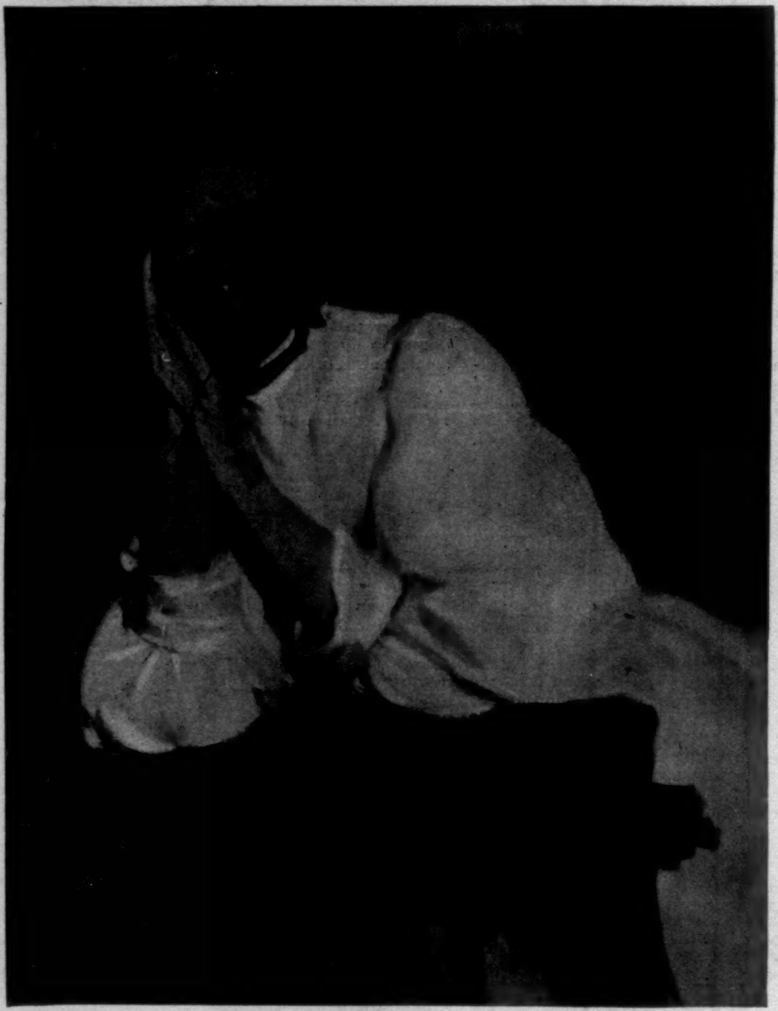
George De Forrest Brush sends a carefully finished panel that has cost him two years' labor. Cecilia Beaux, fresh from her triumphs at Paris, where she had a section to herself at the Champ de Mars Salon, contributes one picture. Alexander Harrison, who set the pace some years ago for a high ideal in marine work, shows no falling off in excellence; while Gari Melchers continues to progress in the best of directions.

William M. Chase, Robert Blum, and John W. Alexander, the last a native of Pittsburg, have all contributed worthy material. From Arthur B. Davies there are some of his curiously original conceptions, full of subtle charm.

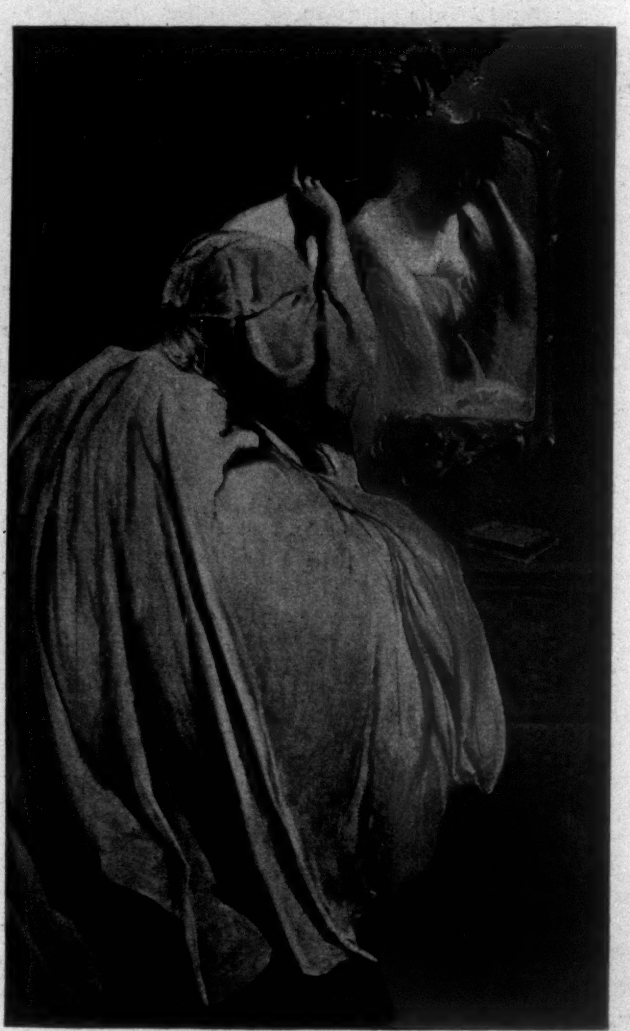
A novelty is the gathering of a representative lot of modern English pictures. Among these are works by W. Q. Orchardson, L. Alma Tadema, Luke Fildes, with his famous composition of "The Widower"; Sir Edward Burne-Jones, "The Merciful Knight"; George Frederick Watts, George Clausen, I. M. Swan, Henry S. Tuke, Edward Stott, of Oldham; Frank Brangwyn, and H. H. La Thangue. There is also an ample assortment of work by men of the Scottish school.

From Germany, there are the famous Lenbach, Gabriel Max, E. Zimmerman, Dill, Fehr, Stuck, and Fritz von Uhde.

There is a goodly array of Frenchmen, and Meissonier's painting entitled "1806," will be the rallying-point for the crowd. Other Frenchmen represented are Puvis De Chavannes, Benjamin Constant, Harpignies, De Neuville, Bésnard, Tony Robert-Fleury, Roll, and Lhermitte. Whistler and Boughton, difficult to locate as to nationality, and Anders Zorn are also in evidence. Altogether, the exhibition does credit to the Gallery, and is a brilliant opening for the art season of 1896–97.



"THE DREAMER."—BY CECILIA BEAUX.



"THE MIRROR."—BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

AFTERNOON AT THE HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY SYDNEY ADAMSON.

THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

THERE are some people—a great many, perhaps—who view the annual horse show in Madison Square Garden as an occasion for the display of gowns and bonnets rather than as an exhibition of horseflesh.

These are they who go to the opera to see and to be seen, and to the galleries that they may not be considered unappreciative of art.

There are others who pretend to some knowledge of the horse, and who affect a tremendous contempt for the parade of gowns and bonnets, and who rail at the size and number of prizes offered in the Hunter, Hackney, and High-stepper classes.

These are the superficial observers.

There are yet others, no doubt in the minority though steadily increasing in numbers, who remember when we had no horse show, and no very high standard of horse beyond the Trotter and Saddle types, and no form of equipage worthy the distinction. These do not forget the humble beginning of this Madison Square Garden exhibition twelve years ago, and are thankful for the beneficent influence it has had on American horseflesh throughout the country.

It is a shallow thinker indeed to whom the horse show appeals merely as an exploitation of millinery. What a truly wondrous advance we have made in the last score of years the average man does not realize. Twenty years ago we had scarcely begun the improvement which in the last few years has placed us on a level with England. It was only in '76 that the Coaching Club held its first meet and became a pioneer in the movement for good form and better carriage-horses. Before that time, indeed at that time, the only equine luxury supported by men of means was a trotter-roadster. Those who had no taste for speeding turned out for the afternoon airing in traps of nondescript style drawn by horses that would be considered hacks nowadays. There were no high steppers, and little knowledge of "form." To-day there is no place in the world where one may see better horseflesh, and more correctly turned out equipages of all kinds, than at the East Fifty-ninth Street entrance to Central Park on an autumn afternoon.

Nor has this development been confined to New York. A dozen years ago a correctly turned-out trap was the exception on the main roads of the New England and Middle States; now an incorrectly turned-out one is the exception. Half that many years ago correct form was hardly known beyond the Atlantic States; to-day one may see equally as good style in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, New Orleans, San Francisco.

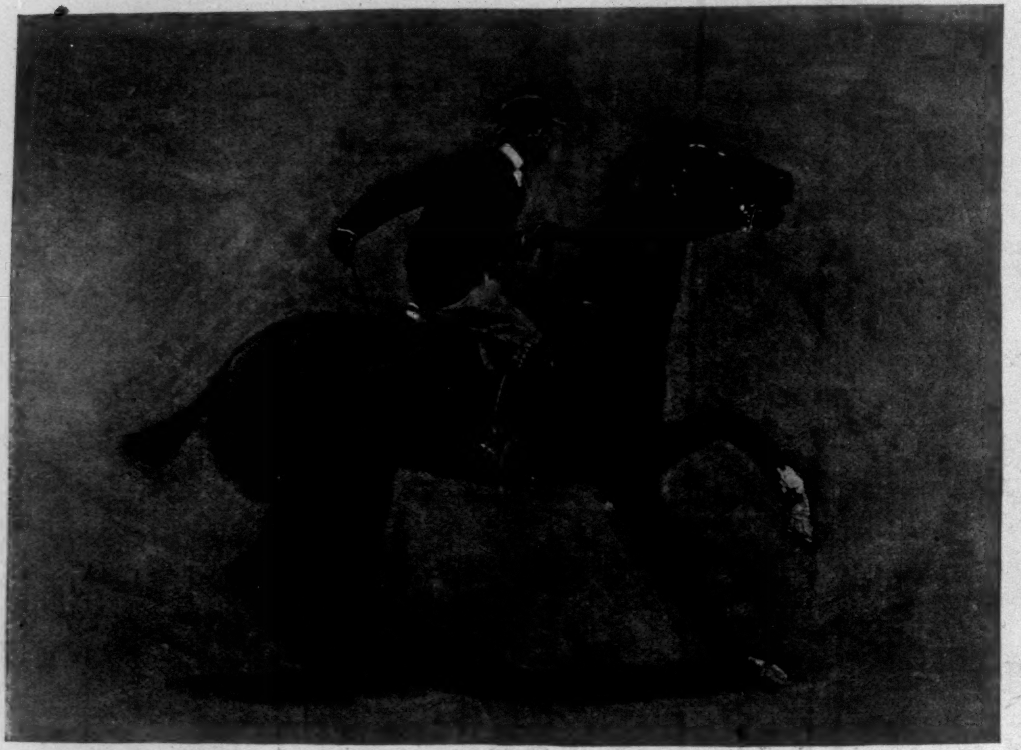
Those who are prone to criticise the National Association should bear in mind that all this improvement may be traced directly to its example and to its efforts. The annual show in New York has not only tended to raise the average of horseflesh hereabouts, but it has stimulated owners and breeders elsewhere, and has led to the inauguration of similar shows throughout the country.

The New York show for several years was the only one of its kind in the United States, then came the one in Philadelphia, followed by Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, San Francisco, Detroit, and the latest, I believe, is Colorado Springs (Colorado). And this is only the barest mention of sectional shows. There is hardly a city of any importance where some kind of an exhibition of horses is not an annual fixture, not to mention the county fairs and the country-club displays.

Let those who cry out against the long prize lists provided at the New York show for the classes most affected by fashionable folk remember, too, that no small share of credit for our present standard is due these very people. It is their liberal patronage of the breeders and their extravagant importations of the highest bred stock that have placed the standard of excellence where it is. It has taken a great deal of weeding out and large sums of money to raise the grade of entries from what it was at the first show in '83 to what it is in '96.

In that first show there were about 600 entries and $10,000 in prizes; this year there are over 1300 entries and $33,000 in prizes; and probably the first-prize winners in '83 would, save in the case of an exceptional individual, scarcely secure commendation in '96.

The most notable improvement has been, of course, in the carriage-horses, which have really been bettered be-



A LOSER AT THE HORSE SHOW.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

yond comparison with the former type. Our Trotters were always an American product, and continue to-day *par excellence*. The Saddle-horse, pure and simple, long since reached his highest development in the South, and for that reason we have perhaps not improved upon his quality, but we have disseminated the type.

In Hunters a degree of excellence very little below that of England has been attained. Indeed, in some individuals we have quite equalled it, but, of course, with our comparatively limited amount of hunting, it would be unreasonable to expect a standard on a level with that of the greatest hunting country on the earth. We have gone abroad, it is true, for our prototype, and paid lavishly for it, but the animal home-bred therefrom has given equal satisfaction in the field, and won as many ribbons at the show.

Probably no class has shown so much improvement in recent years as the Ponies. Here, too, we have gone abroad for the original sires, and the result has been as satisfactory as with Hunters.

The one class that has shown practically no improvement at our show is the Roadster, and strangely enough, for it is the most useful and the most needful one to the average American horse-owner. We have good ground here for criticising the National Horse-Show Association. Year after year a Roadster class has been catalogued and liberally provided with prizes, and at every show we have seen the class given over to the Trotters.

It would seem that any horseman should know the difference between a Trotter and a Roadster, and yet since the very first year of this New York show the same horses shown in the Trotter classes have subsequently won prizes in the Roadster classes. The National Association's conception of the difference between a Roadster and Trotter seems to concern itself with the style of vehicle the horse draws and not with the type of horse. As a result, the annual exhibition of Roadsters is *nil*. And this is a great pity, for there is no type of animal more popular or more in want of encouragement. It would be a simple matter to divide these two classes, but for some reason or other the National Association has neglected to do so. Meanwhile the Trotters win prizes to which they are not entitled, and the Roadster class languishes.

The prize-list this year provides most liberally for the Trotters. There is nearly $4000 offered in the breeding classes, and $1125 in the driving classes.

The Roadsters are fairly well provided for too, with prizes amounting to about $1500; and if the distinction were made clearer, the results would be more satisfactory. As usual, the Hackneys come in for a generous share of the purses, some $4000 being offered. It seems an unwise discrimination to offer but $350 for the half-bred Hackneys, for it is in this direction that we must look for the eventual usefulness of this type. Despite the heavy importations and the fact that the Hackney was introduced to America several years ago, we have as yet had no practical demonstration of the value of his half-bred progeny.

Last year several half-bred Hackneys were shown in the Harness classes, and performed very indifferently; and in no case has this type compared favorably in competition with the cross breeds of other types. So far as the horse show has proved to the contrary, the Hackney's only success is attained when shown in hand-prancing around the ring to the vociferous encouragement of a stable-boy claque. We have believed the Hackney capable of something more serious, but should like substantial evidence for the continuation of a confidence that is gradually weakening.

Over $4000 is offered in the Harness and Carriage classes, and a worthy effort at encouragement is made for Coach-horses by a $1600 prize-list. The Tandems have a $900 prize-list, the Four-in-hands $1655, and we hope both classes will be an improvement on last year. The Ponies have a prize-list of $2400, and the Saddle classes one of $2100, and both promise to be unusually good. The Hunter classes have the largest prize-list, with a total of $4800, of which $600 is to be awarded to the champions of the light, middle, and heavy weight classes respectively.

JUDGES FOR THE SHOW BEGINNING NOVEMBER 9, 1896.

THOROUGHBREDS.

Mr. James Galway . . . . New York.

HACKNEYS.

Mr. James McMeeken . . . . Carnbooth, England.
Mr. H. K. Bloodgood . . New Marlboro, Massachusetts.
Mr. Richard Gibson . . . . Delaware, Ontario.

HALF-BREDS.

Mr. H. K. Bloodgood . . New Marlboro, Massachusetts.
Mr. F. T. Underhill . . . . . New York.
Mr. S. S. Spaulding . . . . Buffalo, New York.

TROTTERS, ROADSTERS, AND ROAD RIGS.

Mr. John E. Green . . . . Glenview, Kentucky.
Col. R. W. Leonard . . . Mount Kisco, New York.

FRENCH COACHERS, PONY STALLIONS, AND BROOD-MARES.

Mr. Prescott Lawrence . . . Newport, Rhode Island.
Mr. George R. Read . . . Port Chester, New York.
Mr. Richard Gibson . . . Delaware, Ontario.

HEAVY DRAUGHT STALLIONS.

Mr. H. L. Herbert . . . . . New York.

FOUR-IN-HANDS, TANDEMS, CARRIAGE AND HARNESS HORSES, HORSES, CARRIAGES, AND APPOINTMENTS, HANSOM-CABS, PONIES IN HARNESS, AND HORSES AND DELIVERY WAGONS.

Mr. Prescott Lawrence . . . . Newport, Rhode Island.
Mr. Francis T. Underhill . . . . New York.
Mr. R. W. Rives . . . New Hamburgh, New York.

SADDLE AND POLICE HORSES, AND PONIES UNDER SADDLE.

Mr. C. C. Quintin . . . . Trenton, New Jersey.

HUNTERS AND JUMPERS.

Mr. John E. Cowdin . . . . New York.
Mr. John N. Scatchard . . . Buffalo, New York.
Mr. A. Butler Duncan . . . . New York.

VETERINARY INSPECTORS.

Dr. William Sheppard, M.R.C.V.S. Sheepshead Bay, Long Island.
Dr. Edward Loomes, V.S. . . . New York.
Dr. Thomas G. Sherwood, M.R.C.V.S. . . . New York.

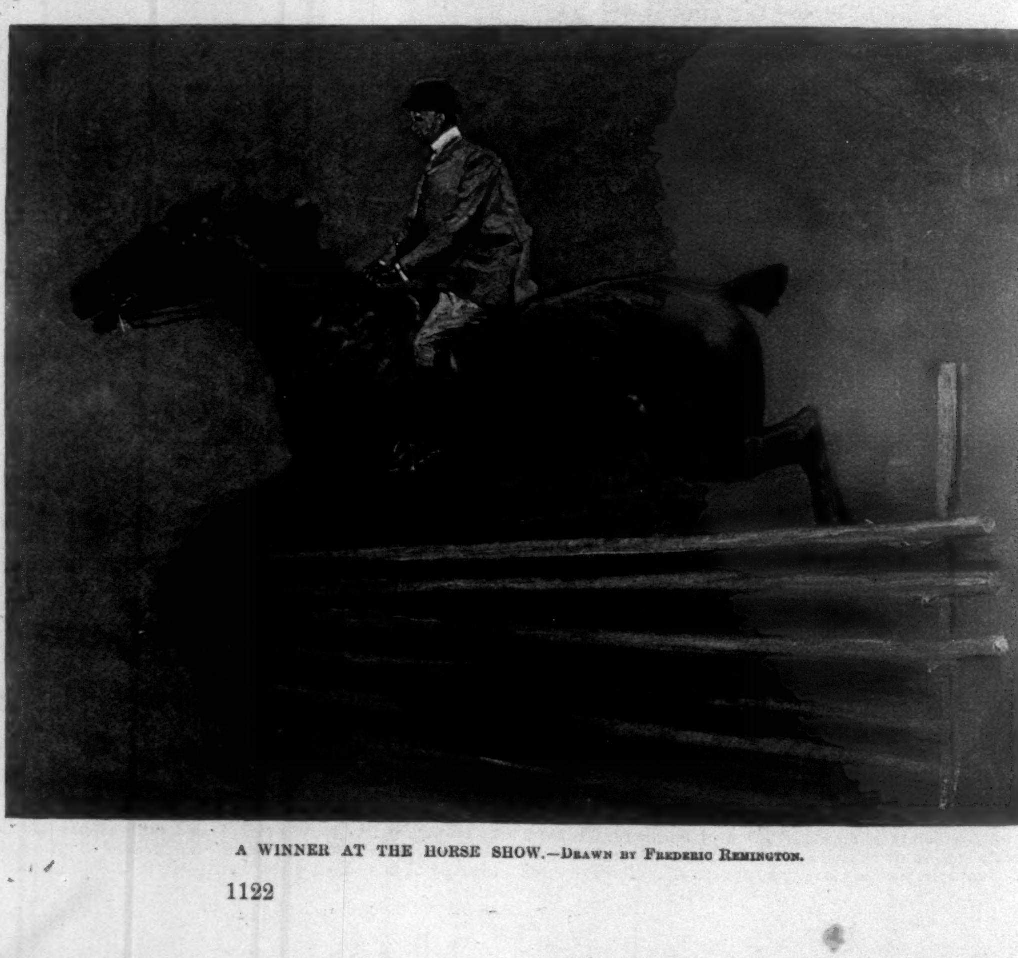
The judges—given above—have been well and widely chosen, and the show promises, as usual, to be the finest exhibition of its especial kind.

Let beauty and the beast reign, and the parade of gowns and bonnets go on; they all combine to make the New York Horse Show the greatest spectacle of the year.

C. W.

ELECTION NIGHT IN NEW YORK.

Such a crowd as tramped and cheered and roared up and down Broadway election night, and surged about every building where a calcium-light was throwing election returns upon a screen, has never before been seen in New York. In previous years on election night there has always been more or less of a howling crowd about the bulletin boards, and especially in front of the newspaper offices along Park Row, but on the night of November 3 of this year it seemed as if every man, woman, and child had turned out to ascertain how much his or her money was going to be worth on the following day. It is estimated that there were fully 125,000 people gathered in the City Hall Park and the adjoining streets. On Broadway from Twenty-third to Thirty-sixth Street there must have been 150,000 more. Of the two masses of humanity, that in the upper part of the city was probably the more noteworthy. It was not the usual election-night gathering. All classes were represented. It looked as though all the theatres in New York had suddenly closed, and a hundred audiences had been turned into the street; and mingling with these well-dressed people were swarms from the side streets and the more distant corners of the city. There was no walking on the sidewalks; these were blocked. The roadway was one mass of howling humanity. Men as well as women were blowing horns and waving flags. The Broadway cable-cars crept along at a snail's pace, with a policeman standing on the front buffer, shouting himself hoarse to clear the path. The only way to walk up or down Broadway was to fall in behind a cable-car, just as the players of a football eleven gather behind the man who stands at the point of a wedge. Every now and then a procession of two or three hundred enthusiastic shouters would go up or down the street, waving flags and displaying fireworks, greatly to the discomfiture of Parisian hats and fluffy fabrics. One crowd of boys carried Bryan strung up in effigy, with a mocking placard on his breast. There were policemen in profusion scattered through the crowds, but they had no more arduous duty to perform than to answer the foolish questions of the new-comers in the throng, who thought that the officers' business must be to remember all the announcements that had been flashed upon the bulletins previous to their arrival. The crowds on upper Broadway were entertained as well as instructed; between bulletins on one screen there was an exhibition of the vitascope, and as the scenes were flashed upon it the shouts of laughter and merriment rose above the din of horns and rattles. Many fakirs must have made themselves rich that Tuesday night, for five-cent tin horns were selling at a premium, and boys with bags and boxes full of them could not bring them over from the east and west sides fast enough to supply the demand. Everybody either carried a flag or wore a chrysanthemum or a ribbon, and in those thousands that wandered up and down and stood about chatting and laughing there seemed to be no sympathizers with the defeated candidates; and if any were out that night they took defeat very philosophically, and found consolation perhaps in the joy that their own discomfiture was giving to the other side.



A WINNER AT THE HORSE SHOW.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

A KANGAROO-HUNT.

IN the far Australian land, within a day of Christmas. The weather was hot—hot even for midsummer in that land of bright suns and dry air—and already a three months' drought was beginning to make itself felt. I had come to see the country, and I was seeing it in earnest. My introductions had been to the genial owner of Moruya Run, but I had soon found that they were almost equally good for the whole district, and acted as an "open sesame" to every station in a radius of fifty miles. My headquarters were, of course, with the Maitlands, but it would have been hard to say where I was destined to dine on any particular day, or to rest my thoroughly weary limbs on any special night.

In a country where people live in the saddle distance has changed its meaning. What a highly bred Australian horse cannot do has never yet, I believe, been determined. Bring out one of these hard, wiry beasts—fine in the head, lean in the flank, the shoulder deep, the legs clean and sound—place a true son of the soil on his back, a rider tall and wiry like the horse, with the same fineness of limb, the same small head and keen bright eye, the same lean flank and sinewy shoulder, and should the temperature stand at a hundred and forty or more degrees in the sun, horse and man will cover their fifty or sixty miles in five or six hours without hurry or distress. My own county is a well-known hunting county in England, and I knew, or thought I knew, a good deal about horses before I paid my visit to Australia, but I confess I had learned a great deal more in these few weeks as to the capabilities both of horses and horsemen than I ever knew before.

A place to live indeed! With miles and miles of grassy plain in long smooth billows stretching on and on, and onward still, as far as the eye can reach, swimming in a golden haze of light, till it loses itself at last in the gray and gold of the distant horizon. And all one's own—to look at, to ride upon, to hunt over, with never a thought of trespass, with never a dream of the adverse rights of a disagreeable next neighbor!

It was with some such thoughts as these that I emerged on the side veranda on the morning of Christmas eve, through the French window which gave access from the outside to my bedroom at Moruya. I had scarcely time to think so much before I was assailed by the too friendly attentions of the dogs of the establishment, by no means a limited party, eager, like their master, to show the lavish hospitality of the country to a visitor. In another minute I had presented myself at the front of the house, where, under the wide veranda, breakfast, a real Australian breakfast—a breakfast, lunch, and supper rolled into one—was already spread, and round which something like a dozen seats were already occupied.

"Late again, Hall!" It was the hearty voice of my host, who, seated, loosely clad in white linen, was assisting his daughter to do the honors of the table.

"All your own fault!" I replied, with a laugh, as I sought a seat on the other side of the young lady—a place of honor usually left for me as the greatest stranger of the party. "All your own fault! How do you expect any one not to the manner born to ride forty miles, dance for three hours, and then play euchre and drink punch till long after midnight?"

"Well, the euchre may have been a mistake, but the punch was as necessary a close to the day's proceedings as the breakfast was a commencement."

"And what," I asked, "has been decided upon as the special dissipation of to-day?"

"Oh," replied Miss Maitland, with a laugh, "I don't know, after the recent confession. This was to have been the day of the great kangaroo-hunt, but for people exhausted by dancing—not to mention punch—the exertion might be too great."

I replied lightly, and breakfast passed off merrily. It soon appeared that no change was to be made in the day's programme. The kangaroo-hunt was actually coming off, and I, as a new-comer, had to submit to many condolences upon my anticipated dislike to the rough riding which was said to be a special characteristic of the sport.

In another hour all was ready for the start. The party was a large one. It consisted of about twenty-five or thirty men and six or seven girls. Most of them had arrived within the last hour, and had whiled away the time in strolling about the garden or resting under the veranda until the party was complete.

The scene was an animated one as we prepared to start. There were not, indeed, the special charms of color and variety that lend so much attraction to the hunting-fields of old England. Nobody here dreamed of the time-honored red coat, tall hat, and top-boots. There was no picturesque gathering of lookers-on, whether in carriages or on horseback; no groups of liveried grooms with led horses for their masters' use. Yet there was a distinctly businesslike aspect pervading the arrangements. The male riders were usually dressed lightly in gray or white, with hats of plaited cabbage-tree leaf, or pith helmets adorned with pugrees. The ladies, as a rule, wore riding-habits of some light Indian cloth. But all were well mounted. Few English hunting-fields could show a group of such horses as made their meet in the home paddock at Moruya on that Christmas eve.

Two blacks on foot completed the party, and at a word from Mr. Maitland, who directed the proceedings, these led the way at a long swinging trot, which enabled them to keep easily in advance of our horses at a good round pace.

Miss Maitland had been monopolized by two young fellows, who rode one on either hand, and were evidently doing their best to make themselves agreeable. In multitudes there is said to be safety, and it may be that a conviction of the truth of the adage may have had at least a little to do with the fact that I was able to regard the interruption of what I had rather hoped to make something of a *tête-à-tête* between Miss Maitland and myself in a philosophical spirit rather than with the annoyance that might have been expected. These youths were good specimens of what is fast becoming a new race. Unlike their companion, who had lost nothing of the marks of her English ancestry—except indeed the roses of the English climate, which will not endure the wooing of the Australian sun, and that fair island complexion that seems to be alien to the climatic genius of the great southern land—they were true sons of the soil. True Centaurs, to begin with, riding their horses as if themselves part and parcel of the noble animals. Long-limbed and lean, active as cats, and with a kind of feline grace of movement while on horseback—a grace apt, it is true, to degenerate into something of a slouching gait when on foot. Faces keen and intelligent, yet, it seemed to me, wanting somewhat of the steadfast strength of their European ancestry, though possessing, as if in compensation, a suppleness and adroitness foreign to the genius of the elder race. For the rest, good-looking, manly fellows, their features well formed, and even handsome; hair and skin both darker than those of northern Europe, but not so dark as the complexions of southern Europe. On the whole, men who could ride a horse with any man, and, I venture to assert, do a hard day's fighting, should the need arise, with the very best of their Old World ancestry.

With plenty of fun and laughter, our party sped on across the plains for some twelve or fourteen miles. Before us now rose a wooded ridge, known of course in Australia, like all ridges, great and small, as a range—the "Black Gum Range," I believe, from the exceptionally dark color of its foliage even in a land where every native tree bears leaves of a metallic greenish-gray color, which needs all the glowing sunshine of the climate to save it from the charge of being the most depressing foliage in the world. This particular range could not have been more than two hundred feet above the level of the plain, and the timber with which it was thickly covered was not of ancient growth by any means.

The range descended in a succession of gently sloping spurs to the plain, and between these spurs long gullies ran, clothed with a profusion of wild flowers and flowering shrubs, such as few lands but this can boast. Each of these gullies contains a stream during perhaps half of the year, and even in the summer, when these are dry, moisture enough still lingers in the soil to promote a growth which is all but tropical in its luxuriance and beauty. Here tall tree-ferns nod their palmlike crowns above a wealth of shrubs of strange dense foliage; clumps of fern of smaller growth lie nearly hidden by the masses of convolvulus and other creeping flowers, that blaze amongst them in shifting shades of purple and crimson. Here and there, too, a solitary she-oak—most melancholy of trees—droops its long weepers of foliage, like a woman's dishevelled hair, over an undergrowth of deep green, out of which peeps here and there the gleam of a brilliant crimson or white wild flower, half hidden by its leaves.

Our course lay up one of these spurs, and we soon reached the forest. The name of forest, indeed, might almost seem too dignified for wood of so young a growth, and yet it had all the characteristics of the oldest forest. There was the same endless vista of perfectly straight columnlike trunks, with that perfect sameness both of form and color which makes the Australian bush so deadly a place in which to wander.

Like all the forests of southern Australia, it was nearly clear of undergrowth, and as the trees stood well apart, riding through it was no difficult task. The horses, too, seemed familiar with the work, and chose their path with perfect safety to their riders. To me, indeed, it was so much of a novelty that I tried to assist my own to choose a path, while Miss Maitland and her squires rode carelessly on, leaving matters entirely to the instinct of the sagacious animals, who piloted them amongst the trees with unfailing dexterity, and, as it seemed, without an effort.

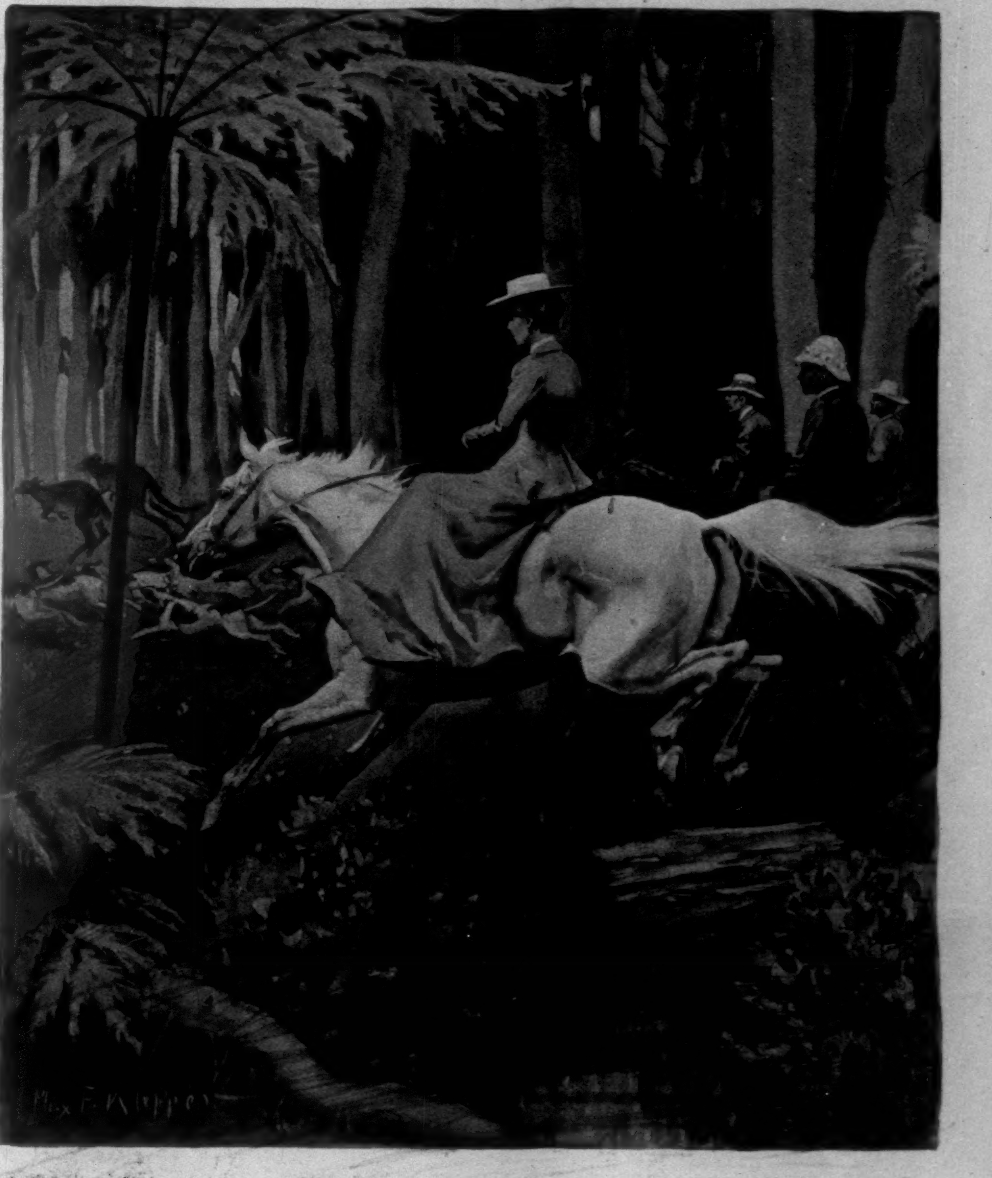
Ten minutes' riding up the slope at a sharp trot brought us to the crest of the range. Here a halt was called, while our native guides, who had kept up with us throughout with scarcely any apparent effort, went forward to ascertain the position of the game. That we were in its neighborhood could be gathered from the care with which saddle-girths were being tightened and seats resumed by the more experienced of the party, with a businesslike air of keen expectancy.

I hastened to follow their example, glancing meanwhile with no little satisfaction at the noble young horse (remarkable even amongst his famous stable) with which Mr. Maitland's hospitality had endowed me for the occasion. I was the more pleased at this as it had become a matter of honor that I should maintain the credit of the English hunting-field under whatever unaccustomed conditions I might find myself.

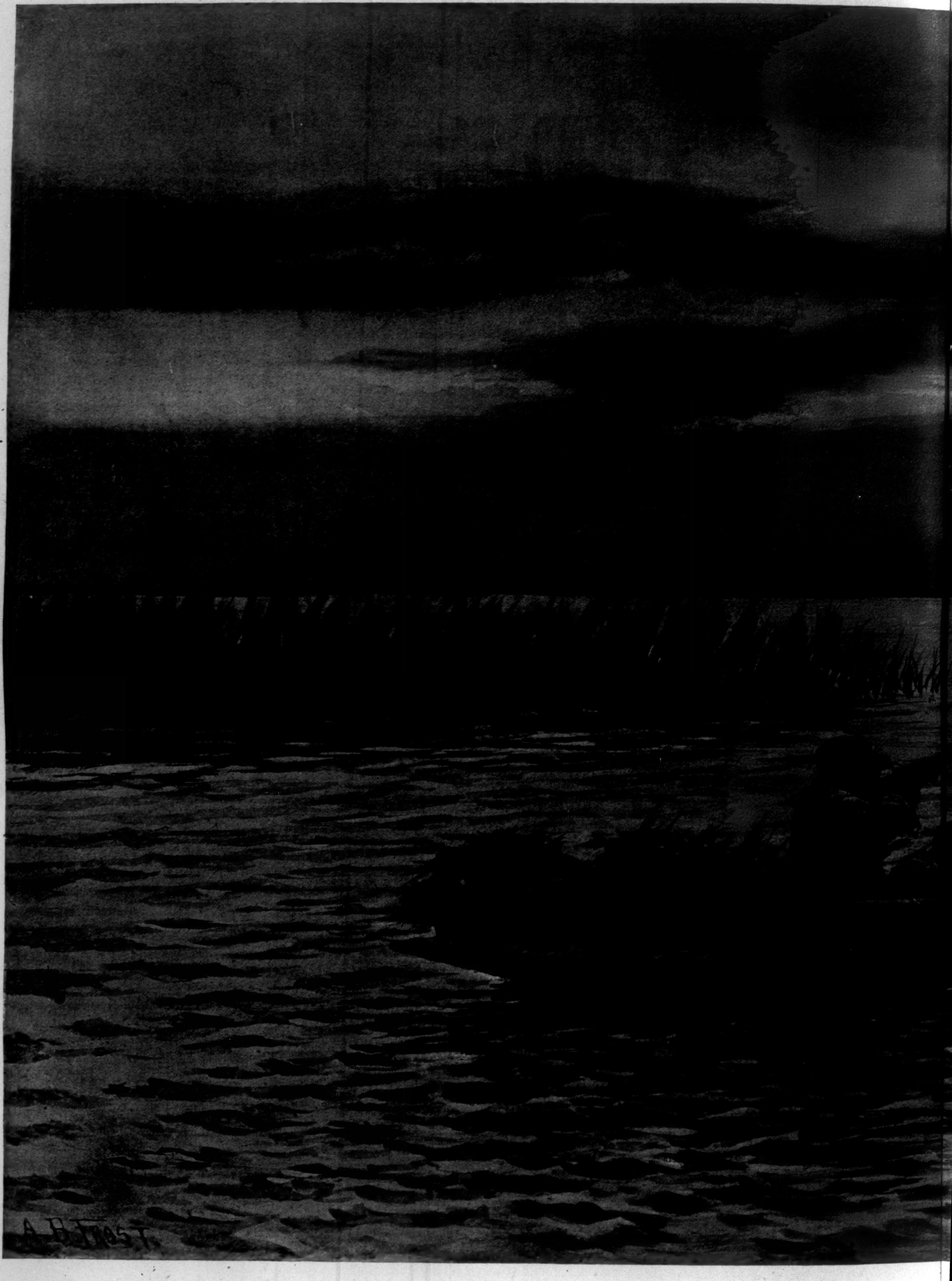
After a few minutes' delay the small active figure of one of our guides stole silently through the trees to Mr. Maitland's side. With his hand raised in an attitude of warning, he pointed with the other down the slope to the right.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Maitland, in a low tone of keen excitement (by this time I had found my way into the little group that surrounded her). "They must be in the western clearing. What fun!" I thought she glanced at me mischievously as she spoke. Several others of the party looked my way also, and I fancied a glance of intelligence passed between the two young men who had so far constituted themselves Miss Maitland's body-guard. I felt annoyed, without clearly knowing why, and I determined then and there that even if the hunt, as I now suspected, held out special prospects of rough riding, I should not be far off at the finish.

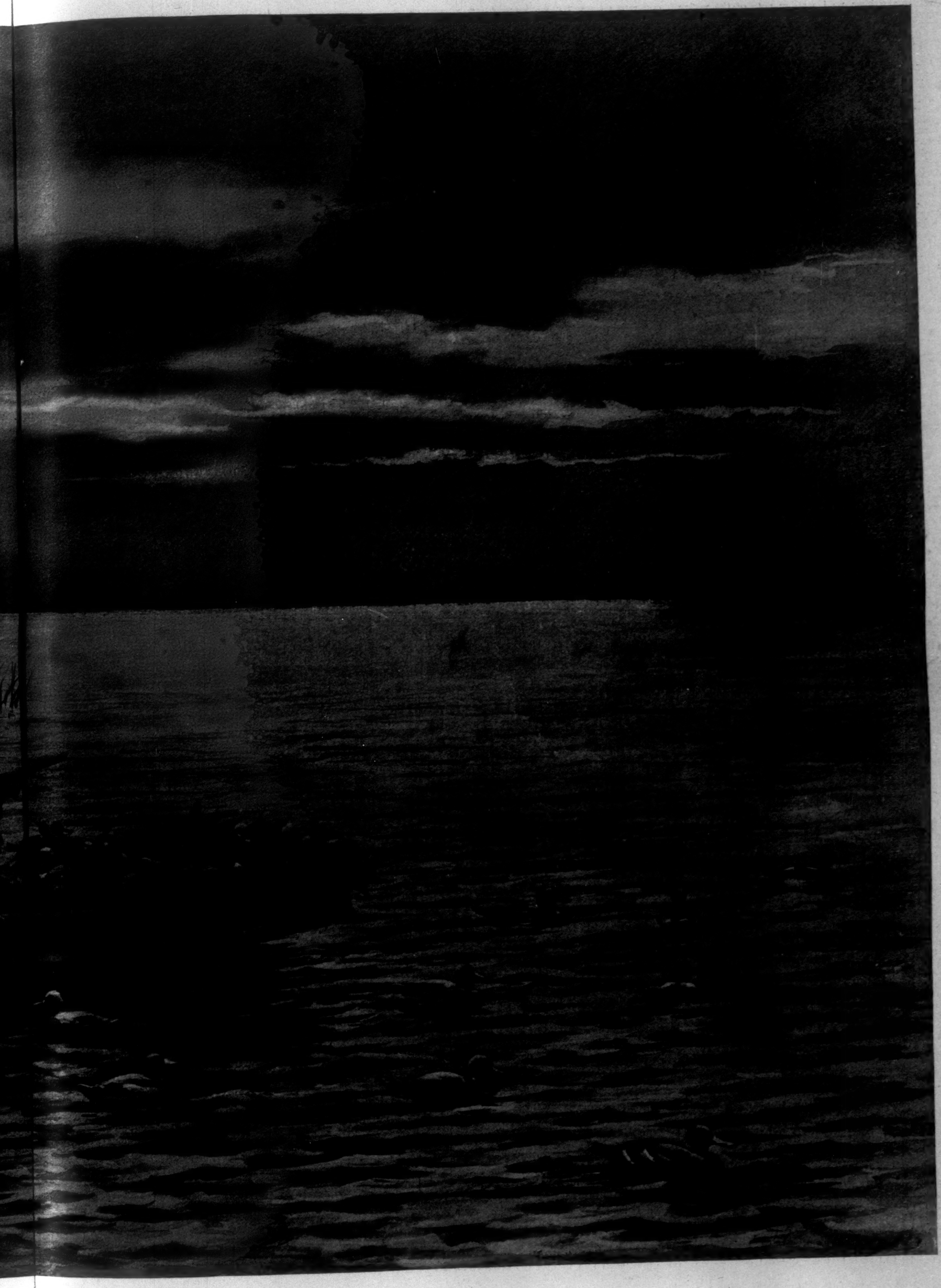
Meanwhile, under Mr. Maitland's directions, the party was dividing, about one-third of our number drawing off to the right, and an equal number to the left. The party to which I belonged remained stationary in the centre. It was an anxious moment while we waited for the signal to move on. I could see that my companions were growing more and more impatient, and even the horses shared in the general excitement. As for the dogs, it was only by the sternest measures of repression that they were prevented from dashing forward in hot pursuit of the game, which they evidently now scented from afar. The wind was rising, and fortunately blew directly in our faces; indeed, it was increasing so fast that I could not help noticing the phenomenon. Up to this time, Australia had seemed to me a land of calms. It had been calm, too, as we crossed the plain. Little vagrant puffs of wind, however, had served to give a gentle swaying motion to



KANGAROO-HUNT.—Drawn by Max F. Klepper.



A CHANCE SHOT WHILE SETTING OU



NG OUT DECOYS.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

the lofty tree-ferns, and make the dismal elf-locks of the she-oak-trees at the foot of the range shiver as we passed.

Suddenly the long, wild, wailing note of the native, "Coo-ee!" rose clear and sharp on our right, answered a moment later by a similar call from the left hand. Instantly the black who stood by Mr. Maitland's horse put his hand to his mouth and sent back the strange shrill call, instantly starting off straight forward at a headlong pace. There was a fixing on of hats, a gathering up of reins, a general bustle of preparation, and at Mr. Maitland's signal we were off. I had secured a position near Miss Maitland while one of her late companions was looking after his dog, and now rode at her side through the open forest. She glanced at me, but nothing was said; indeed, the rapidly increasing wind in our faces made conversation impossible.

Gradually as we went the pace increased. We had started at a long trot, which had already increased to a sharp canter. At first I found myself fully occupied in the effort to guard against being crushed against a tree. I soon found it was at once useless and needless. By some unerring instinct, my horse, like the others, avoided the trees with ease and certainty, winding out and in among the trunks with an easy flexible motion, and a certainty which I could only have spoiled by any attempt at guidance. The pace increased rapidly as we felt the slope of the range more and more telling in our favor; and now the dogs were loosed, and were running just before us, with heads low and ears pricked forward.

Suddenly the forest ended. There was a blaze of sunshine before us, and with a rush we emerged into the open land once more. There was a shout, and a hoarse answering note from the dogs, as we did so. I shaded my dazzled eyes to see what was before me, and, for the first time, I saw the game. Thanks to the strong breeze, which gave the animals no warning either through scent or sound, we had surprised the kangaroos. They were feeding on a piece of cleared land, now partly overgrown by an undergrowth of shrubs and young gum-trees, when we burst upon them from the forest; but in an instant they had recovered themselves, and were already in full flight. At first I could see nothing but a confusion of leaping forms that rose and fell amongst the tangled masses of shrubs and ferns that covered the slope. Gradually I was able to see better, as my eyes grew more accustomed to the light. By common consent we had broken into a gallop as we left the forest—a gallop that seemed to me wild and reckless, considering the nature of the ground—down a long slope toward a shallow valley, bounded, perhaps a mile away, by another and lower range, similar to the one we were crossing. The timber on our slope had been roughly cleared. Most of the trees had been cut down, leaving stumps standing of all sorts of heights, and a good share of the trunks lying where they had fallen. Among these a confused mass of ferns, shrubs, and young saplings had grown up to a height of from three to six feet; through this tangle our horses were now plunging after the flying game. Flying, did I say? Well, it looked almost literally true. The kangaroos rose from the bushes and swept through the air in leaps so vast that they seemed to the eye to fly. Each bound must have covered some twenty-five feet, and they succeeded one another with such dazzling rapidity that to the eye they seemed to be all the time in the air.

One could see, but one could not speculate. The pace was growing faster and more reckless as our horses entered more and more into the spirit of the chase. The flying game had the advantage of us in the clearing, as our horses were compelled to imitate the kangaroos by converting their gallop into a succession of bounds. Over logs and stumps, through tangles of brushwood and thickets of young gums, we bounded on; and still before us the tall gray figures leaped and bounded, faster and farther than our utmost efforts could accomplish. Even the hounds were distanced, and found it hard to keep pace with the horses, cumbered as they were by the ferns and bunches of coarse grass through which they had to force their way. To guide a horse was impossible; and, indeed, the task of maintaining my seat was effort enough for me. Fortunately no more was required. My companions did not, I saw, attempt more than this, and I followed their example. The horses were to be trusted. Sure-footed as cats, elastic as India-rubber, they bounded on, as eager and excited as their riders, but in far better possession of their faculties. I knew well by experience the excitement of the hunting-field, but at its best no English hunting-field could match the wild excitement of this. The wild rush of the wind, the eager sensation of motion and pursuit—these, indeed, were the same I had felt in many a good run with the hounds in far other scenes than this. Here there was something more—a sense of utter recklessness in the going, of absolute novelty in the pursuit of these strange, gray, flying phantoms, which not only added to the well-known excitement, but seemed even to change its character.

It was neck or nothing! To fall on a course like this would be to fall indeed; but nobody did fall. Over stumps and trunks and logs the horses dashed, escaping disaster by an instinct wholly incomprehensible. And now we had reached the bottom, and found ourselves once more on open ground. In front, perhaps two hundred yards away, were some half-dozen large kangaroos. I had seen the creatures before, but only in confinement, and I would never have recognized in these bounding, flying, leaping animals, active as cats, lithe as snakes, ruthless as tigers, the mild, tame-looking animals I had seen. They were going now for their lives, and truly they were going well. They had gained both on dogs and horses at least a hundred yards over the cleared land, and now they were going straight for the forest slope in front. With a wild Tally-ho! Maitland led the way in the headlong pursuit.

It was open grass-land now, and both dogs and horses had fair play. The pace was one to tax the powers of both to the utmost; and already the quality of the various mounts began to tell. It was, I confess, with no little satisfaction that I saw one of Miss Maitland's late squires already fallen out of the first flight, while my own horse seemed able with hardly an effort to keep pace with the highly bred mare which she sat so easily and rode so lightly. I had time to feel a very sincere sensation of gratitude to my hospitable entertainer for the noble young horse he had placed at my disposal, even as we were straining every nerve in our headlong race across the open land. Do our utmost, we could not yet gain much on the flying game. They were all full-grown kangaroos, and in the first rush hardly any horse will overhaul one of these in full flight. As we rose to the slope of the second range I could not have said that we had gained a yard. The pace had told on our own party, however, some of whom had already fallen more than a hundred yards behind. I glanced over my shoulder, and was glad to see that Miss Maitland's second cavalier also was in trouble. His horse was evidently blown, and, like a good rider, he was nursing him up the slope. In doing this, however, he had fallen behind, and it was with a sense of triumph, disproportioned no doubt to the occasion, that I guided my horse a little closer to the flying gray of my fair companion.

The forest was before us again. Already the bounding figures were disappearing amongst the saplings and bushes on its edge; already, it seemed, we were preparing to follow through the mazes of the wood at as reckless a pace as that we had maintained across the open land. I glanced at my companion. She was evidently quite undismayed at the prospect. Keeping her mare well in hand, yet not attempting to interfere with her movements in detail, she rode her at the forest-covered slope. The flying forms of the kangaroos were already swallowed up in the bewildering maze of trees, every one of which seemed but the counterpart of the other. The dogs in full cry dashed up the wooded slope after them, and we followed where they led. I had made up my mind to do as the others did, crazy as the risk of doing so appeared to my unaccustomed eyes; but, come what might, the one thing needful beyond all else was that I should not be distanced. I gave my horse his head. I did my best to imitate the careless confidence with which my companion abandoned herself to the guidance of instinct—more trustworthy under such conditions than skill or reason. The forest, like all the forests of southern Australia, was open, but utterly bewildering in its perfect sameness. A wilderness of trees, straight as arrows, as like one another as a row of pins, perfectly clear of lower branches, clear also of underwood, except where here and there a gorgeously flowering heath or a blazing "waratah" on its slender stem blossomed in the shade but offered no impediment to our progress. The horses knew it well. At a full gallop they rushed fearlessly through the dim arcades; without a pause or check they avoided the long lines of tree trunks that flitted past us—an endless procession of gray ghosts. We had but to keep our seats and let the horses have their heads, and all was well. It was a strange, wild, neck-or-nothing race, but, to my surprise, I suddenly found myself safely on the other slope.

We had lost no time, but as yet we had gained nothing on the kangaroos. When we reached the open land once more they were still well in front. The forest we had passed presented no more difficulties for them than for the horses. If the native-bred horse could gallop fearlessly through the gum-tree forest, the still more native kangaroo could bound equally without fear through its dim arcades. Now, however, the advantage was all our own. Before us lay a stretch of open country.

On, on, at a headlong pace, over the dry reaches of the crisp brown grass. The dogs were in full cry now, and, stride by stride, we were gaining on the flying game. Still, with unflagging energy, they bounded on. The dogs were almost upon them, and yet their nearer approach seemed but to inspire the kangaroos with new vigor. Right before us was a huge gray animal. Again and again I could have sworn the dogs were on him; again and again he evaded their spring by a bound that seemed miraculous in its power. And now a young hound seemed to tire of the attempt to head the gray patriarch of the plains and made a spring at his back. There was a flash, like the flash of a sword in the blazing light, and with a howl the dog rolled over, covered with blood. The kangaroo had kicked him with his fatal hoof and ripped him up at a stroke. But the kick, so fatal to the assailant, had been fatal also to the game. The effort had checked his career, if but for a moment, and already the older hounds were ahead. Quick as thought the old kangaroo swerved; quick as thought the wary old hound—hero of many a bygone hunt—sprang at his throat. The spring was successful. In a moment kangaroo and dog rolled on the brown grass together.

Miss Maitland and I pulled up. We were the first in the field. Ours was the first kangaroo killed, and my companion and I were the only two who were unquestionably in at the death. The excitement, indeed, was nearly over. The example of our hounds had been quickly followed by others; one after another the dogs had overtaken and pulled down the remaining kangaroos. One by one, or in little groups, the laggards of the party had come up, their horses blown, the men looking more or less disappointed. The pace had been an unusually killing one, and the stragglers were not a few.

Miss Maitland and I stood a little aside from the main group of huntsmen, who were looking at the game. I was glad to take off my hat and wipe my brow. I looked at my companion, who sat her gray quietly, and to all appearance cool.

"In at the death!" she exclaimed, with a bright smile. "Come, that is a feather in the cap of our English huntsman. I am glad." OWEN HALL.

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

XLIX.

JACKSON died a week later, and they buried him in the old family lot in the farthest corner of the orchard. His mother and Cynthia put on mourning for him, and they stood together by his open grave, Mrs. Durgin leaning upon her son's arm and the girl upon her father's. The women wept quietly, but Jeff's eyes were dry, though his face was discharged of all its prepotent impudence. Westover standing across the grave from him noticed the marks on his forehead that he said were from his scrapping, and wondered what really made them. He recognized the spot where they were standing as that where the boy had obeyed the law of his nature and revenged the stress put upon him for righteousness. Over the stone of the nearest grave Jeff had shown a face of triumphant derision when he pelted Westover with apples. The painter's mind fell into a chaos of conjecture and misgiving, so that he scarcely took in the words of the composite service which the minister from the Union Chapel at the Huddle read over the dead.

Some of the guests from the hotel came to the funeral, but others who were not in good health remained away, and there was a general sense among them, which imparted itself to Westover, that Jackson's dying so, at the beginning of the season, was not a fortunate incident. As he sat talking with Jeff at a corner of the piazza late in the afternoon, Frank Whitwell came up to them and said there were some people in the office who had driven over from another hotel to see about board, but they had heard there was sickness in the house, and wished to talk with him.

"I won't come," said Jeff.

"They're not satisfied with what I've said," the boy urged. "What shall I tell them?"

"Tell them to—go to the devil," said Jeff, and when Frank Whitwell made off with this message for delivery in such decent terms as he could imagine for it, Jeff said, rather to himself than to Westover, "I don't see how we're going to run this hotel with that old family lot down there in the orchard, much longer."

He assumed the air of full authority at Lion's Head; and Westover felt the stress of a painful conjecture in regard to the Whitwells intensified upon him from the moment he turned away from Jackson's grave.

Cynthia and her father had gone back to their own house as soon as Jeff returned, and though the girl came home with Mrs. Durgin after the funeral, and helped her in their common duties through the afternoon and evening, Westover saw her taking her way down the hill with her brother when the long day's work was over. Jeff saw her too; he was sitting with Westover at the office door smoking, and he was talking of the Whitwells.

"I suppose they won't stay," he said, "and I can't expect it; but I don't know what mother will do, exactly."

At the same moment Whitwell came round the corner of the hotel from the barn, and approached them. "Jeff, I guess I better tell you straight off, that we're goin', the children and me."

"All right, Mr. Whitwell," said Jeff, with respectful gravity, "I was afraid of it."

Westover made a motion to rise, but Whitwell laid a detaining hand upon his knee. "There ain't anything so private about it, as far as I know."

"Don't go, Mr. Westover," said Jeff, and Westover remained.

"We a'n't a-goin' to leave you in the lurch, and we want you should take your time, especially Mis' Durgin. But the sooner the better. Heigh?"

"Yes, I understand *that*, Mr. Whitwell; I guess mother will miss you, but if you must go, you must." The two men remained silent a moment, and then Jeff broke out passionately, rising and flinging his cigar away: "I wish *I* could go instead! That would be the *right* way, and I guess mother would like it full as well. Do you see any way to manage it?" He put his foot up in his chair, and dropped his elbow on his knee, with his chin propped in his hand. Westover could see that he meant what he was saying. "If there was *any* way, I'd do it. I know what you think of me, and I should be just like you, in your place. I don't feel right to turn you out here, I don't, Mr. Whitwell, and yet if I stay, I've got to do it. What's the reason I can't go?"

"You can't," said Whitwell, "and that's all about it. We shouldn't let you, if you could. But I a'n't surprised you feel the way you do," he added, unsparingly. "As you say, I should feel just so myself, if I was in your place. Well, good-night, Mr. Westover."

Whitwell turned and slouched down the hill, leaving the painter to the most painful moment he had known with Jeff Durgin, and nearer sympathy. "That's all right, Mr. Westover," Jeff said. "I don't blame him."

He remained in a constraint from which he presently broke with mocking hilarity when Jombateeste came round the corner of the house, as if he had been waiting for Whitwell to be gone, and told Jeff he must get somebody else to look after the horses.

"Why don't you wait and take the horses with you, Jombateeste?" he inquired. "They'll be handing in their resignation, the next thing. Why not go altogether?"

The little Canuck paused, as if uncertain whether he was made the object of unfriendly derision or not, and looked at Westover for help. Apparently he decided to chance it in his bitter an answer as he could invent. "The 'oss can't 'elp 'imself, Mr. Durgin. 'E stay. But you don' hown *everybody*."

"That's so, Jombateeste," said Jeff. "That's a good hit. It makes me feel awfully. Have a cigar?" The Canuck declined with a dignified bow, and Jeff said: "You don't smoke any more? Oh, I see! It's my tobacco you're down on. What's the matter, Jombateeste? What are you going away for?" Jeff lighted for himself the cigar the Canuck had refused, and smoked down upon the little man.

"Mr. W'itwell goin'," Jombateeste said, a little confused and daunted.

"What's Mr. Whitwell going for?"

"You hask Mr. W'itwell."

"All right. And if I can get him to stay will you stay too, Jombateeste? I don't like to see a rat leaving the ship; the ship's sure to sink, if he does. How do you suppose I'm going to run Lion's Head without you to throw down hay to the horses? It will be ruin to me, sure, Jombateeste. All the guests know how you play on the pitchfork out there, and they'll leave in a body if they hear you've quit. Do say you'll stay, and I'll reduce your wages one half on the spot."

Jombateeste waited to bear no more injuries. He said, "You'll don' got money enough, Mr. Durgin, by Gosh! to reduce my wages," and he started down the hill towards Whitwell's house with as great loftiness as he could comport with a downhill gait and his stature.

"Well, I seem to be getting it all round, Mr. Westover," said Jeff. "This must make *you* feel good. I don't know but I begin to believe there's a God in Israel, myself."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2063.

"THEY BURIED HIM IN THE OLD FAMILY LOT IN THE FARTHEST CORNER OF THE ORCHARD."

He walked away without saying good-night, and Westover went to bed without the chance of setting himself right. In the morning, when he came down to breakfast, and stopped at the desk to engage a conveyance for the station from Frank Whitwell, the boy forestalled him with a grave face. "You don't know about Mrs. Durgin?"

"No; what about her?"

"Well, we can't tell exactly. Father thinks it's a shock; Jombateeste's gone over to Lovewell for the doctor. Cynthia's with her. It seemed to come on in the night."

He spoke softly, that no one else might hear; but by noon the fact that Mrs. Durgin had been stricken with paralysis was all over the place. The gloom cast upon the opening season by Jackson's death was deepened among the guests. Some who had talked of staying through July went away that day. But under Cynthia's management the housekeeping was really unaffected by Mrs. Durgin's calamity, and the people who staid found themselves as comfortable as ever. Jeff came fully into the hotel management, and in their business relation Cynthia and he were continually together; there was no longer a question of the Whitwells leaving him; even Jombateeste persuaded himself to stay, and Westover felt obliged to remain at least till the present danger in Mrs. Durgin's case was past.

With the first return of physical strength, Mrs. Durgin was impatient to be seen about the house, and to retrieve the season that her affliction had made so largely a loss. The people who had become accustomed to it staid on, and the house filled up as she grew better, but even the sight of her in a wheeled chair did not bring back the prosperity of other years. She lamented over it with a keen and full perception of the fact, but in a cloudy association of it with the joint future of Jeff and Cynthia.

One day, after Mrs. Durgin had declared that she did not know what they were to do, if things kept on as they were going, Whitwell asked his daughter, "Do you suppose she thinks you and Jeff have made it up again?"

"I don't know," said the girl, with a troubled voice, "and I don't know what to do about it. It don't seem as if I could tell her, and yet it's wrong to let her go on."

"Why didn't *he* tell her?" demanded her father. "'Ta'n't fair his leavin' it to you. But it's *like* him!"

The sick woman's hold upon the fact weakened most when she was tired. When she was better, she knew how it stood with them. Commonly it was when Cynthia had got her to bed for the night that she sent for Jeff, and wished to ask him what he was going to do. "You can't expect Cynthy to stay here another winter helpin' you, with Jackson away. You got to either take her with you, or else come here yourself. Give up your last year in college, why don't you? *I* don't want you should stay, and I don't know who does. If I was in Cynthy's place, I'd let you work off your own conditions now you've give up the law. She'll kill herself, tryin' to keep you along."

Sometimes her speech became so indistinct that no one but Cynthia could make it out; and Jeff, listening with a face as nearly discharged as might be of its laughing irony, had to turn to Cynthia for the word which no one else could catch, and which the stricken woman remained distressfully waiting for her to repeat to him, with her anxious eyes upon the girl's face. He was dutifully patient with all his mother's whims. He came whenever she sent for him, and sat quiet under the severities with which she visited all his past unworthiness. "Who you been hectorin' now, I should like to know," she began on him one evening when he came at her summons. "Between you and Fox, I got no peace of my life. Where *is* the dog?"

"Fox is all right, mother," Jeff responded. "You're feeling a little better to-night, a'n't you?"

"I don't know; I can't tell," she returned, with a gleam of intelligence in her eye. Then she said, "I don't see why I'm left to strangers all the time."

"You don't call Cynthia a stranger, do you, mother?" he asked, coaxingly.

"Oh,—Cynthy!" said Mrs. Durgin, with a glance as of surprise at seeing her. "No, Cynthy's all right. But where's Jackson and your father? If I've told them not to be out in the dew once, I've told 'em a hundred times. Cynthy 'd better look after her housekeepin' if she don't want the whole place to run behind, and not a soul left in the house. What time o' year is it now?" she suddenly asked, after a little weary pause.

"It's the last of August, mother."

"Oh," she sighed, "I thought it was the beginnin' of May. Didn't you come up here in May?"

"Yes."

"Well, then— Or, mebbe that's one o' them tormentin' dreams; they do pester so! What did you come for?"

Jeff was sitting on one side of her bed and Cynthia on the other. She was looking at the sufferer's face, and she did not meet the glance of amusement which Jeff turned upon her at being so fairly cornered. "Well, I don't know," he said. "I thought you might like to see me."

"What 'd he come for?"—the sick woman turned to Cynthia.

"You'd better tell her," said the girl, coldly, to Jeff. "She won't be satisfied till you do. She'll keep coming back to it."

"Well, mother," said Jeff, still with something of his hardy amusement, "I hadn't been acting just right, and I thought I'd better tell Cynthy."

"You better let the child alone. If I ever catch you teasin' them children again, I'll make Jackson shoot Fox."

"All right, mother," said Jeff.

She moved herself restively in bed. "What's this," she demanded of her son, "that Whit'ell's tellin' about you and Cynthy breakin' it off?"

"Well, there was talk of that," said Jeff, passing his hand over his lips to keep back the smile that was stealing to them.

"Who done it?"

Cynthia kept her eyes on Jeff, who dropped his to his mother's face. "Cynthy did it; but I guess I gave her good enough reason!"

"About that hussy in Boston? She was full more to blame than what you was. I don't see what Cynthy wanted to do it for on her account."

"I guess Cynthy was right."

Mrs. Durgin's speech had been thickening more and more. She now said something that Jeff could not understand. He looked involuntarily at Cynthia.

"She says she thinks I was hasty with you," the girl interpreted.

Jeff kept his eyes on hers, but he answered to his mother: "Not any more than I deserved. I hadn't any right to expect that she would stand it."

Again the sick woman tried to say something. Jeff made out a few syllables, and after his mother had repeated her words, he had to look to Cynthia for help.

"She wants to know if it's all right now."

"What shall I say?" asked Jeff, huskily.

"Tell her the truth."

"What is the truth?"

"That we haven't made it up."

Jeff hesitated, and then said: "Well, not yet, mother," and he bent an entreating look upon Cynthia which she could not feel was wholly for himself. "I—I guess we can fix it, somehow. I behaved very badly to Cynthia."

"No, not to me!" the girl protested in an indignant burst.

"Not to that little scalawag, then!" cried Jeff. "If the wrong wasn't to you, there wasn't any wrong."

"It was to *you!*" Cynthia retorted.

"Oh, I guess *I* can stand it," said Jeff, and his smile now came to his lips and eyes.

His mother had followed their quick parley with eager looks, as if she were trying to keep her intelligence to its work concerning them. The effort seemed to exhaust her, and when she spoke again her words were so indistinct that even Cynthia could not understand them till she had repeated them several times.

Then the girl was silent, while the invalid kept an eager look upon her. She seemed to understand that Cynthia did not mean to speak; and the tears came into her eyes.

"Do you want me to know what she said?" asked Jeff, respectfully, reverently almost.

Cynthia said, gently, "She says that then you must show you didn't mean any harm to me, and that you cared for me, all through, and you didn't care for anybody else."

"Thank you," said Jeff, and he turned to his mother. "I'll do everything I can to make Cynthy believe that, mother."

The girl broke into tears and went out of the room. She sent in the night-watcher, and then Jeff took leave of his mother with an unwonted kiss.

Into the shadow of a starlit night he saw the figure he had been waiting for glide out of the glitter of the hotel lights. He followed it down the road.

"Cynthia," he called; and when he came up with her he asked, "what's the reason we can't make it true? Why can't you believe what mother wants me to make you?"

Cynthia stopped, as her wont was when she wished to speak seriously. "Do you ask that for my sake or hers?"

"For both your sakes."

"I thought so. You ought to have asked it for your own sake, Jeff, and then I might have been fool enough to believe you. But now!"

She started swiftly down the hill again, and this time he did not try to follow her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADS' LOVE.

AN IDYL OF THE LANDS OF HEATHER.

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE GRAY MAN," "THE RAIDERS," "THE LILAC SUN-BONNET," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

WAGER OF BATTLE.

THE window in question was a French one, which owed its being to the taste of a former factor on the Whinnyliggate estate, whose wife had been at a boarding-school for six months, and after that had come to Nether Neuk with romantic ideas. She considered that it would be a most pleasing thing to step from the window of her sitting-room out into the garden of roses, and there wander with the partner of her life under a perpetual full moon. But half a dozen children, and the necessity of making and mending for such a colony of sturdy rogues, together with the remarkable post-nuptial partiality of her husband for the blaze of the fireside rather than for the chill breezes of Whinnyliggate moonlight, caused the long window to be less and less used. But under the star of the Chrysties, and especially since Nance and Grace had become so precious in the eyes of the youth of the parish by reason of their father's jealous guardianship, the romance which, alas! remained an ideal to the factor's wife had blossomed into a reality under the multiplied exigencies of the love-affairs of the Nether Neuk lasses.

To this window, therefore, I stealthily went, and being but little more than twenty, I naturally held all fair in love and war. And of a truth it was both love and war when one went to Nether Neuk, daring at once the fickle favor of the maids and the bell-mouthed muzzle of the master's blunderbuss. I had not, therefore, the least little delicate scruple about looking in through the opening between the curtains.

Peter Chrystie sat in the midst toasting himself before the fire of peat, which already the chill air of the moorland nights made not unwelcome. He warmed his toes and sunned himself in the radiant heat of his own importance, also in the glory of having three bonny daughters, who, he well knew, were at once the best-tochered and the most sought after lasses in the parish—or, for the matter of that, in half a score of parishes.

On one side of him sat Richard Linton, the laird of Butterhole (otherwise and more widely and intimately known as Beld-headed Dick), and on the other he was supported by gleyed Robin, who to his patronymic of Taggart added the fat acres of Sourdubs and a conceit of himself broader than Galloway and deeper than the Solway in midmost channel.

Nance sat with her sewing in the chimney-corner by the side of the laird of Butterhole—prim and placid as though she had never dreamed of parting with a lad at the corner of the orchard less than ten minutes before. Her hair was daintily arranged, as if no hand had ever ruffled its placidity. And she nodded to the stolidly complimentary remarks of Beld-headed Dick as if the price of nowt beasts was her only thought, and the knitting of rig-and-fur stockings her sole pleasure.

To say that the attention which Nance bestowed upon the laird of Butterhole was perfunctory is not only to make use of a very ugly, but of a wholly inadequate word. The young woman simply answered "Yea" or "Nay" at random, and kept a steadfastly suspicious eye upon the laird's most delicate and intimate advances.

For it was Butterhole's custom, as the light wine of the country mounted to his head, to hitch his chair a little nearer to that of Mistress Nance Chrystie of Nether Neuk, who did not at all relish the proximity. So that as he approached, Nance invisibly retired, till her stool was driven to the very extremity of the semicircle about the fire, and she was in danger of being captured in the angle.

Then, at the last moment, and having dallied with the danger till it grew acute, upon the pretext of consulting her sister concerning the work on which she was engaged, Nance would slip round to the other side of the angle and whisper into Grace's ear how "that doited auld fule, Dick Linton, would soon drive her crazy." Here she was wont to stay, keeping up a low fire of uncomplimentary remark over her sister's shoulder till her father's voice recalled her.

"Nance, ye besom, what are ye claverin' there for? Gang ower by and enterteen the laird o' Butterhole. Do ye no see he is by his lane? Was it for this I payed good yellow siller for twa hale quarters to Miss McTavish at Cairn Edward for the feenishin' o' ye?"

Whereupon Nance, having confided a private pout of uttermost boredom to her sister, and shaken her fist behind the back of the unconscious laird of Butterhole as she passed, once more set herself down on her own side of the fireplace with a very ill grace indeed.

All this I could see and hear from the window. The Hempie, being mine own familiar enemy, stood by me and peeped also. And as there was but one good spy-hole, we scuffled for the best place till Peter Chrystie looked suspiciously up at the noise.

"What's that at the lang winnock, lasses?" he said. "No nicht-wanderin' callants, I hope, Nance? Ye saw nane o' that breed o' cattle aboot the Nether Neuk this nicht, did ye?"

Whereupon Nance and Grace, with the faces of the family cat after she has licked the cream off her whiskers, declared that they had observed nobody answering to their father's description, "bena a mason lad gaun hame wi' his square and 'mell'* ower his shooder, and Ned Kenna, the packman frae Dalry, linking awa' to the change house in the clachan."

"Oh, what a lee!" cried the Hempie, suddenly, at my elbow, and fled, leaving me fixed and paralyzed to face the wraths of Peter, the angry parent.

But I retired as rapidly as I could get my feet to pass each other, making a bee-line towards the wood at the end of the mill. In a moment the long window was opened from within and the wrathful voice of Peter cried after me. He could see my fleeing figure plain in the moonlight as I sped across the open space of grass.

"Bang!" went a gun behind me. I heard the whistle of shot. Something stung me sharply on the cheek, and I fell forward on my face, giving myself up for lost.

* Mallet.

Then, as I lay, I hoped God would forgive me for all the lies I had told, and for my other sins as well. I could not mind what these were particularly at the moment, because the thing on my ear stung most confoundedly. So I just slumped them all and took my chances.

I was lying still on the edge of the wood, trying to think on my latter end and last Sabbath's sermon, when something came and caught me by the collar of the coat.

"Get up, ye great silly sumph," commanded the voice of the Hempie; "ye are neither dead nor like to die."

And with that I was on my feet again and ready for anything. I looked once towards the window, and there I saw old Peter, the tearing ettercap that he was, busily taking aim at me with the second barrel.

I was for flying again to the defence of the orchard trees, but the Hempie caught me determinedly, reaching out a hand from the dry ditch in which she was keeping out of her father's sight.

"Hunker doon here, man Alec," she whispered. "It's nocht but pease, onyway. I drew the chairges this very nicht as soon as I had milkit the kye and carried ben the afterings to sup to my porridge."

"They hurt like lead draps," said I, rubbing my chafts vigorously.

"Oh, ye will never dee o' a chairge o' guid saft garden pease," said the daft lassie, scornfully.

"Maybe no," retorted I, for my corruption was raised, "but if ye got them plunk on the jaw, wi' a strong chairge o' pooder ahint them, they wad bring the water to your e'en as well as mine."

"Hoot, man, ye are a cooard," said she; "ye make mair noise about a wheen o' pease than gin ye had been deid!"

"I dare say," said I, very shortly, "my cheek is a deal sairer than if I had been deid twenty year."

And I thought that I had somewhat the best of that, which cheered me greatly.

But I have yet to come to the wale of the story. For when I had somewhat come to myself I looked over the hedge at a place where I heard a noise. And there, lying on their stomachs on the fir needles, were Allan Herd and Matt Kerr. They were in an ecstasy of delight at my going up so innocently to the window to spy, and the old reprobate of a Peter coming at me with his double-barrel.

Fine game they made, you may be sure, promising me that all the parish should hear of it on the morrow. And right well I knew that they were just the lads to keep their word. However, I chuckled a little too, for I had bethought me of a way to be even with them, and, indeed, to pay all my debts at one settlement.

So I wagered them a new hat and a new pair of boots apiece at Robin Campbell's, at the head of the street (mentioning the exact prices, in case of accidents or mistakes), that I would go in and stay an hour in the ben-room of Nether Neuk that night, get three kisses of free will and kindliness from the lasses, and come out again on my own feet and quite unpropelled.

Allan and Matt thought I was only bragging, and so they were keen to take me on. And nothing loath was I, for I had made sure of winning. And besides, Robin Campbell is my cousin, and owes my father money, so he would not dare to charge me very much siller for the hats and boots anyway.

The two, Allan and Matt, looked at me with a great increase of respect and admiration.

"Certes, ye are a gye boy!" said Matt.

"A perfect reprobate!" cried Allan.

And that, when you come to think of it, was a good deal for them to say in my praise. For they were near half a dozen years older than I, and had had experience of this courting business at half the farm towns in the country-side.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN?

IT was then that I bethought me of setting Matthew and Allan off on a ploy of their own, to keep them employed while I was attending to my own business. Allan was the brisk lad, skilled in all rural arts—a fine ploughman though the son of a comfortable farmer, with notions of his own about "hinting," and (as one of the judges said at the Crossmichael ploughing match) the "maist oreeginal opening to his furrows that was ever seen in this pairish; gin he had been a puir man's son the like o' that micht hae made his fortune, by exhibiting the like in the neebourhood o' Edinbra and Glesca, and ither large toons whaur they ken little aboot fine tho thochtfu' plooin'."

It did not strike the worthy man that in these benighted cities they care just as little.

Matthew Kerr was duller, but even he did not lack a certain slow and placid humor. But he played a good second to the livelier Allan, being ever willing to follow, and when once fairly up to the eyes in any mischief he saw the thing through with a grim conscientiousness which was often very effective. But that either of them should even himself to Nance Chrystie seemed like the mating of the ox and the wild deer of the hills. Perhaps it was with this in my mind that I sent them off on this ploy, which was exactly suited to their capacities.

"Lads," said I, "what a spree wad it no be if ye were to gang doon to the meadow brig and lift it ower to the far side! Thae twa auld donnert lairdies will be gye and weel laden by the time they rise. What say ye, lads, to giein' them a bit dook to cool their blood—comin' cookin' after the lasses as if they were twenty apiece, instead o' near a hunder and forty aween them. It's their graves in the kirkyard that they should be thinkin' on, an' no hirsling up aside sic bonny lasses as we ken o'."

So in this way I got rid of these two simple loons, Allan and Matt. For, as I have said, I had been at the college a year, and they learn ye a heap there forbye Greek. Indeed, that was about the only thing that they did *not* learn you—at least so it was in my time.

From where I stood I could hear them go prancing down through the copsewood towards the bridge in the meadow, and I laughed within me as they went. For they both thought themselves so clever—especially Allan, and looked on me as little better than a laddie. But if once I could get quiet speech of Nance Chrystie, I resolved to show them whether or no they could afford to despise me as a laddie.

The two lairds had stabled their horses over at Pate Tamson's, in the village of Whinnyliggate. Then they had walked over together to Nether Neuk. It was their purpose to return by the same path to the village. It was but half a mile in length, and it led by pleasant flower-field edges through the tall silver-shakers of the water-meadows, and finally it slipped unobtrusively between green hedges to the back door of the change house of the clachan, where their several sober steeds awaited them.

Now Peter Chrystie did not allow late hours, even when such peerless and approven suitors as the laird of Sourdubs and the laird of Butterhole came a-sweethearting to Nether Neuk. "Lads," he would say, "it's ten o' the clock, and gin it is your habit to snore in your beds till the sun makes it ower-warm to lie langer, it is no the custom about this house o' Nether Neuk. There's Nance, noo, she canna lie muckle past four o' the clock. Daft helicat lass that she is, she likes a mainner o' wark pitten by in the prime o' the morn. Fegs, I heard her wi' Tam Suitor, the plooman, the ither day. It's a grand bar, so I maun tell ye." ("Great lies!" remarked Nance, unfilially, beneath her breath to Grace.) "Oh, a fine mistress o' a hoose will our Nance mak'. Tak' a pairtin' glass, lads; it's fine stuff, undutied every drap, and that fine and new it wad eat through iron plates. Weel, I was tellin' ye about Nance there—a brisk hizzy. She gangs up to the door o' Tam Suitor's laft. 'Are ye up, Tam?' says Nance, gye and snell.

"'Na',' says Tam, dourly, frae between the blankets.

"'Are ye weel this mornin', Tam?' says the lass, kenning bravely that he was.

"'Aye,' says Tam, very unwillingly, but not knowing what else to say, silly cuif.

"'*Then rise!*' says she. 'For I like a' the beds made betimes in the mornin'.'"

"Haith, very weel laid on, my lass!" cried the amorous laird o' Butterhole, who was now on his feet, ready for departure.

"See their lairdships to the door, lasses," commanded Peter, sternly. "Guid-nicht to ye, Sourdubs. Guid-nicht, Butterhole. Haste ye back again, and mind and send me ower that tin o' sheep-dip ye borrowed frae me at the last clippin'."

Nance and Grace vanished before their heavy-footed wooers down the darksome passage to the kitchen, and immediately from about the red ashes of the fireplace rose Meg Coupland and Titty Muirhead arose, and with shawls over their heads belonging to their young mistresses, they slipped out to represent the two elder gamesome Graces of Nether Neuk.

The laird of Butterhole was in the mood for amorous confidences. He was still stumblingly feeling his way out of the ben-room when Meg Coupland extinguished the candle in the hall. Butterhole saw the figure of Nance (as he thought) waiting for him in the dim doorway. Sourdubs was still wrangling with his host about the tin of sheep-dip.

It was Butterhole's hour. Never had fortune and the tricksome Nance proved so unexpectedly kind to him. He slipped his arm about the waist of the maiden on the doorstep.

"Ye are an awsome nice lass," he said. "I like ye maist as weel's mysel'."

"Ye think sae?" shyly came from under the shawl, in tones which might either indicate the embarrassment of extreme feeling or such mirth as hardly brooked suppression.

"Aye, lass, ye ken weel that I think sae; a' the world kens that," said Butterhole. "I aye said that there was never a lass to match ye for twenty miles roond."

"Is that a' ye hae to say?" came softly from beneath the shawl. Meg Coupland was not new to the game of making reluctant love pin itself down to definite intentions.

Butterhole was staggered for a moment, but he faced the situation, on the whole, very gallantly. "Weel, lass," he said, "I was hardly that far on. But since ye are sae fond o' me, I wull speer ye. Wull ye hae me, lass?"

"Aye, that wull I!" responded Meg, in her natural voice, dropping the shawl, and looking up at him with a smile which a circumnavigator would have had difficulty in tracing round her broad but expressive features—so pervasive and, as it were, circumferential it was.

"Aye, that I wull, Laird Butterhole, and wi' pleesure. Ye can caa' in an' tell my mither the morn's mornin' when ye are gaun by"

"What the deil—Meg Coupland, as I'm a leevin' sinner!" cried the astonished laird. "I hae speered my ain cotman's dochter. Lord, I maun be desperate fu' surely. It's time I was hame."

And Butterhole stumbled out of the front door of the farm of Nether Neuk, followed by his friend and crony, who had at last settled the affair of the sheep-dip with his host. Butterhole was pursued by the mocking scorns of Meg Coupland as he went down the loaning.

"Mind ye look in to see my mither the morn, and dinna forget I hae three witnesses that 'a' heard ye speer me," cried Meg, with jubilation in her tone.

"Guid-nicht, laird!" cried Nance, coming out of the kitchen, accompanied by Grace. "I wish you joy. It was very bravely dune, an' Meg will mak' ye a fine heartsome wife."

"Deil tak' ye, yin and a' deceitfu' besoms that ye are!" retorted Butterhole. "Come on, Sourdubs; it will be a' ower the pairish the morn that I gaed courtin' Nance Chrystie o' Nether Neuk, and gat that fu' that I speered ma ain cottar's lass instead! I'll never dare face Cairn Edward market on Monday!"

"Hoot, man, haud your tongue," said Sourdubs; "I'm thinkin' ye are maybe well won aff. For gin it had been Nance, the wild madbrain that she is, ye wad hae had to tak' her. Peter wad hae seen to that. But as it is, ye can gie that byre lass a pound note to let ye aff."

"A pound note!" cried Butterhole, utterly aghast; "surely a croun wad do."

"Ye set yoursel' at a very cheap price, laird," said his friend; "d'ye think a lass wi' a spoken promise and three witnesses will gie up being lady o' Butterhole for less than a pound note?"

"O, waes me!" said Butterhole; "this comes o' the cursed drink. I'll sign the morn. A pound—a paper pound note! I'll never get the better o't. I wish I had minded me on what I learned at my mither's knee. Mony is the time that she lickit me soundly for jingling the bools in my pouch, instead o' attendin' to her instructions about religion and hoo to tak' care o' my siller. But I see my mistak' noo, when it is ower late. A pound note—a hale bonny pound note, black and crunkly and dirty—"

And the very imagination of his loss proved too much for the laird of Butterhole. He wept to think how he had neglected his parent's exertions for his edification, and how bitterly he had been punished.

At that moment the two cronies reached the bridge.

"Gang you first, Butterhole," said Sourdubs. "I canna see the brig. Ye ken the road better."

A splash followed, and then on the back of that a loud clap of swearing.

"What's wrang noo, laird?" cried Sourdubs; "what hae ye gotten there, no anither lass surely?"

"Gin I am no mista'en, it's guid moss-water," answered Butterhole. "But, faith, I was wrang afore aboot the lass, and this may be but lang meadow-grass after a'. Gie me your hand, Sourdubs, and I'll guide ye ower the brig."

Sourdubs reached a careful and cautious hand down through the darkness, which Butterhole grasped.

"Noo tak' a fine lang step and ye'll be a' richt," said the pilot.

Sourdubs did as he was bid, and landed fair in the middle of the burn beside his friend.

"Noo, Sourdubs, ye'll be in a position to ken whether this is moss-water or meadow-hay," said Butterhole, with bitter sarcasm in his tone.

Speechless with anger at the trick, Sourdubs grasped his deceiver by the throat, and the pair went to the bottom of the burn in their fury. They might both of them have been drowned indeed had not Matt and Allan fished them out and flung them on the farther bank, 'most like wet rags, yet ever vowing the direst vengeance, and trying once more to grapple each other. Then Allan sat down to watch them, having quietly replaced the bridge, while Matt went to the village inn to bring their horses. Upon which, when they came, they mounted and departed their several ways, pursuing each other as far as their voices would carry with denunciations and recriminations, together with the direst threats of the pains and penalties of the law.

When they were quite gone and their angry voices fallen into silence, Allan and Matt gripped hands in the darkness and clapped each other's back.

"We are haein' a grand nicht, Allan," said Matt.

They were. But I was having a better.

CHAPTER V.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR.

And this was the way of it.

From my post at the window I heard Peter Chrystie move here and there about the house, locking doors and barring windows—now crying directions to the servants, now rating Meg Coupland for putting too many peats on the kitchen fire—"wasterfu' hizzie, leavin' as mony burnin' there as wad cook a dinner for twenty harvesters"; anon crying directions to Nance and Grace; and finally, after he had retired for a quarter of an hour, opening his bedroom door to cry to Nance to bring him his gun and powder-flask.

Then after a little Peter's light went out, and presumably the elder of the kirk gave himself to his devotions; for no other sound was heard where I stood, waiting at the corner of the yard dyke, save the horses rattling their halters restlessly in the stables. A collie came and sniffed about my legs. But it was Nance's dog Bawty, and Bawty knew me. He had had plenty of chances of acquaintanceship. Besides which the three lasses had carefully trained the Nether Neuk dogs to refrain from barking after dark whoever should come about the house.

After the master's retirement the house of Nether Neuk seemed to be dark from chimney-top to front door-step. But to the experienced eye a faint streak of light showed down the middle of the factor's wife's French window. This gave token that the curtains were drawn in that room, and that all the inhabitants of Nether Neuk were not so sound asleep as might be supposed from without.

Presently I heard a faint click. The streak of light brightened, flashed a moment, and disappeared, keen as a knife-blade fresh from the cutler. I knew that the Hempie had undone the hasp of the window, and that the French window of Nether Neuk was ready to receive company.

Lightly I vaulted over the dyke without disturbing a single stone (for in those days I was very light on my feet), and stole like a shadow to the window. As I had supposed, it opened at a touch, and I stepped within, drawing the curtains close behind me.

The three lasses were sitting demure and busy about the fireplace, as if it were the commonest thing for them to be thus employed on the further side of ten o'clock.

"Goodness me," said Nance, "what are you doing there, Alec? Laddies like you should be in their beds hours since."

"He's comed to get you to help him wi' his lessons for the college, Nance," said the Hempie.

"Ahint the orchard dyke wi' you for a tutor, mair like," retorted Nance.

"Wheesht," said Grace, looking up reprovingly from her knitting, "this is no the sort of talk afore bairns like Alec and the Hempie."

Yet I was older than either of them.

"Where's Allan and Matt?" said Nance, after a pause, in which, as was my duty, I pulled a chair up close to the Hempie, who thereupon hitched away from me with marked scorn. Which also was strictly according to rule.

"Make yoursel' at hame, Nance," said the Hempie, turning up her nose; "see Alec, how friendly he is. He makes as free wi' the Nether Neuk chairs as if they were his ain."

"Aye, Hempie, he is as sairly in want o' mainers as he is o' mense. But what's come o' the ither lads I speered ye aboot?" said Nance.

"They were feared to come near for the master's gun. So they gaed awa' doon the burn-side to convoy the twa lairds to the clachan," said I.

Nance and Grace looked up quickly.

"Are ye speakin' the truth, callant?" they said, with one voice.

Now they had no business to call me callant, for I was as old as Grace herself and had much more experience, having been a year at the College of Edinburgh. So when I answered them I own that it was somewhat tartly.

"I telled ye that they were feared, and they were feared. Mair than that, I dinna think they cared muckle aboot comin'. I heard Allan say that there was just time to rin up to Knowetap to see the lasses there before they bedded."

"That's a great lie, at ony rate," said Nance.

Which it was.

Nance rose and went to the window, letting a broad lane of light flow out over the green lane in front, scale the garden wall, and fade into darkness across the home park.

"Come back frae that, Nance," cried the practical Grace; "mind what happened the last time my faither saw a licht doon here after he had gane to his bed!"

For the Nether Neuk lasses had had more adventures in their time than were written down in the book of the family chronicles.

Nance swept the curtains behind her indignantly and tripped down the two steps which led into the garden. She was obviously annoyed at Allan's desertion, and ready for any reprisal which would pay him back.

Presently she came in again with a disappointed look, and began to roll up her knitting. She looked very bonny as she stood with the candle-light on her face and the little curls about her head all bright and fretful with the light shining through them. I did not wonder at Allan, or, for the matter of that, at all the other lads in the parish. Yet I knew very well that Nance Chrystie would not look at me, that I was but a lad, when she could get her pick of a score of grown men with beards to their faces as rough as a heather cowe.*

"It's time ye were tripping it ower the muir to Drumquhat, my man. Your faither will be waiting up for you wi' an awesome biggie stick," said Nance, pointedly. She seemed somehow to have lost interest in sitting up longer, yet when I came she and Grace had evidently settled themselves for a long forenight of talk and work. They did not seem so set on it now.

It was high time for me to develop my batteries.

"I'm no gaun to steer a fit," said I, "no a fit frae this

* The besom for sweeping the ice in the game of curling.

"THE THREE LASSES WERE SITTING DEMURE AND BUSY ABOUT THE FIREPLACE."

chair the nicht will I move, without ye come—a' the three o' ye, yin after anither, and gie me a kiss apiece o' your ain free wulls."

A bombshell could hardly have caused more astonishment. Such an unblushingly impudent request had never been made in Nether Neuk since ever it was a farm town. This was exactly the effect I intended to produce. At first the lasses did nothing but stare at me as if I had suddenly gone mad.

At last Nance found a tongue. She was generally first and last at everything.

"Get oot o' this hoose, ye young vagabone!" she cried. "You to speak aboot kissin' that hasna left the schule yet. It's a baby's bit feedin'-bottle ye want, and some limewater amang the milk to keep doon the hiccups. Oot o' that window wi' ye, and gie us nae mair o' your brazenfacedness. Certes, they hae learned ye a bonny lesson of assurance in Edinburgh. If this be what your faither pays awa' his hard-earned siller for, Saunders McQuhirr's a sair ill-used man."

I sat still, leaning far back in my chair.

"The nicht's young yet. It's five hours till rising-time, and I can easy bide that time," said I.

"Grace, Hempie," cried Nance, "get haud o' him! He's supple, but he's no strong. The three o' us can manage him easy. Round aboot the table and at him."

Grace rose obediently at Nance's word, and I'm not denying that they might have managed the thing had I let them try, for they had been used to hill roads and farm-work all the days of them. But I had thought out all the chances, and had not come there to be trapped by Nance Chrystie. Besides, I knew that the Hempie was too deep in the plot to assist them when it came to the pinch.

"Now, Nance," said I, calmly, bending my fingers together in a persuasively determined manner, as I had seen Professor Mailsetter do when there was a disturbance in the back benches, and which I had much admired, "bide where ye are, and sit your ways down. For gin ye so muckle as lay a hand on me, unless it be to tak' me aboot the neck to gie me the kiss, I'll raise a cry that will bring your faither oot o' his bed like a shot. I'm nane feared o' him or his gun—like Allan and Matthew, mind you."

The lasses stopped at opposite ends of the table, and had I not been so set on my ploy, I declare I could have found it in my heart to be sorry for them. For they that had been so accustomed all their lives to hoodwinking men and playing pranks on them, even as they had done that night to the laird of Butterhole, that it was fair gall and wormwood to them to be caught by a birkie laddie—for so I knew they thought me, though of the same age as themselves. But I was determined to show them other of it. I was not to be despised; and besides, if they had the good taste to know a lad when they saw him, they might see that I was at least as good to kiss as either Allan Herd or Matt Kerr. Or if they did not know this last, the Hempie could have told them. Anyway I had said it and wagered it, and I was not going to go back on my word at this time of day—or, rather, by the hands of the clock, at this time of night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEWLY ELECTED GOVERNORS.

FRANK S. BLACK, Governor-elect of the State of New York, was born March 8, 1853, at Limington, York County, Maine, and is accordingly forty-three years old, and will, when he takes office, be among the youngest of those who ever took the gubernatorial chair of the State of New York. As a boy, young Black worked on his father's farm, and his early educational advantages were but scanty. He seems to have made up his mind when young to enter into the study of the law, and with that end in view saved all his money, and, when eighteen, entered Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire. Then came four years of hard study, because his classmates had had advantages which he did not possess. Even when in college, during certain seasons, for his own support he taught school. When there were holidays, as in the summer months, he helped his father on the farm. Hard work told; Mr. Black kept abreast of his class, and was chosen as a college speaker, and gained the distinction of being an honor man at Commencement. Among his fellow-students were Samuel W. McCall, now Congressman from Massachusetts, and Charles R. Miller, editor of the New York *Times*. After his graduation Mr. Black studied law at Johnstown, Fulton County, New York, and went into the office of Messrs. Wells, Dudley, & Keck. The Johnstown *Journal* requiring editorial assistance, Mr. Black entered for a while into a journalistic career. There having existed some differences of political opinion between the editor of the Johnstown *Journal* and its assistant editor, Mr. Black sent in his resignation and went to Troy. In Troy he became a reporter on the Troy *Whig*, and found employment there for many months. Next Mr. Black became a post-office employee in the registry department. With his fixed intention to become a lawyer, he entered the office of Robertson & Foster, and in 1879 was admitted to the bar. In 1880 he formed a partnership with Albert Smith and George B. Wellington, and the name the firm assumed was Smith, Wellington, & Black. After the lapse of a year the firm was dissolved, Mr. Black conducting his own business. His success was immediate. Mr. Black's business being entirely a mercantile one, such conspicuousness as attends criminal trials the young lawyer did not care for. He had little to do with criminal proceedings, until the inquest relative to the death of Robert Ross brought Mr. Black prominently before the public. Immediately after the inquest Mr. Black appeared as counsel for the Troy Committee of Public Safety, and had a hearing before the Governor. As attorney for the receivers of the Troy Steel and Iron Company, and acting in the same capacity for the Gilbert Car Company, Mr. Black became in evidence before manufacturing New York. Up to 1894 he had taken small part in politics, though more than six years before he had made some stump-speeches. In 1892 he spoke in favor of the Republican nominees. In the autumn of 1894 Mr. Black was nominated as the Republican candidate for Congress from his district, and by a unanimous vote. In the campaign which followed he addressed many audiences in the State. He was elected by a plurality of nearly 3500 over the Democratic candidate. When in Washington he served on the committees on the Pacific railroads and private land claims. As chairman of the County Committee, Mr. Black became the leader of the Republican party in Rensselaer County. Perfectly sound on the money question so far in his speeches, Mr. Black is a protectionist of the most advanced kind.

George Allen Ramsdell was born in Milford, New Hampshire, March 11, 1834. He was educated in the public schools of Milford, at Mount Vernon Academy, and at Amherst College. Admitted to the bar in 1857, he practised at Peterboro for six years, and in 1864 was appointed Clerk of the Supreme Court for Hillsboro County, a position which he held until 1887. The duties of the office required his removal to Nashua, where he now resides. He has served three terms in the State Legislature. He is President of the First National Bank and Treasurer of City Guaranty Savings-Bank in Nashua, and holds many other positions of honor and trust. He has a large probate and office law practice, and has probably served as referee or arbitrator in a greater number of cases than any other man in the State. He is elected Governor of New Hampshire as a Republican by a plurality of 21,007.

Roger Wolcott, Governor-elect of Massachusetts, springs from the best New England stock, his forefathers having occupied distinguished positions in colonial and Revolutionary history. Mr. Wolcott was born in Boston in 1847, and was graduated from Harvard. His public life began when he became a member of the Boston Common Council in 1877. Having served for three terms in the Council, he was elected a member of the Legislature, and was re-elected in 1883 and in 1884. In 1883 Mr. Wolcott's name was spoken of as a possible Governor. In 1884, as an independent anti-Blaine Republican, he voted for Mr. Cleveland. In 1885 he was sent by the Boston Republicans as a delegate to the State Convention. Elected Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts in 1892, when the death of Governor Greenhalge took place Mr. Wolcott became Acting Governor.

Lorrin A. Cooke, the recently elected Governor of Connecticut, was born in New Marlboro, Massachusetts, in 1831. The Cookes were among the early settlers in the colonies, the Governor's grandfather having fought during the Revolution. When a lad the family moved from New Marlboro to Norfolk, Connecticut. The Governor's early education was what the ordinary academical school afforded. As a young man he taught school, and next found work on a farm. He became identified with the Republican party in 1856, when he was chosen Representative from Colebrook. In 1869 he became manager of a scythe company at Riverton. In 1881 he was elected Senator from the Eighteenth District. During a short period he was postmaster. He was re-elected to the Senate in 1882, and up to 1885 was chairman of the Committee on Education. During his Senatorship he frequently acted as presiding officer. In 1884 Mr. Cooke was chairman of the Committee on Engrossed Bills, a position calling for a very large amount of labor. In 1886 he was Moderator of the Congregational National Council at Chicago. Chosen Lieutenant-Governor in 1886, Mr. Cooke in 1892 was the delegate of the Fourth District to the National Republican Convention held at Minneapolis.

The Governor-elect of Illinois, John Riley Tanner, who made such a strong and successful fight against Altgeld, was born in 1844, in Warrick County, Indiana, the site of his birth being a log cabin near Boonville. As a lad he attended the common school, but his education at his start in life was scant. He had to work hard on the farm, for the family were very poor. All the Tanners were stanch patriots, and when the war of the rebellion broke out, every male member of the family went into service. The father, enlisting in the Fourteenth Illinois Cavalry, was made a prisoner, and died at Columbus, Mississippi. One of the Tanner brothers, who was wounded, died at Nashville. The present Governor entered the Ninety-eighth Illinois Infantry in 1863, and served in the regiment up to 1865, when he was transferred to the Sixty-first Illinois Infantry. He showed himself to be a courageous soldier. After the war, having received an honorable discharge, he bought a small tract of land in Clay County, and was chosen as sheriff. In 1880 he was elected to the State Senate from the Forty-fourth District. His business was that of sawing lumber. In 1886 he was chosen State Treasurer of Illinois by a very large majority. During President Arthur's administration Mr. Tanner was made United States Marshal of the Southern District of Illinois, and he served at the same time as a member of the Railroad and Warehouse Commission. President Harrison selected him for Assistant United States Treasurer of Chicago.

The Mounts were originally Kentuckians, and the father of the newly elected Governor of Indiana moved from Shelby County, Kentucky, to Indiana in 1828. James A. Mount was born in Montgomery County, Indiana, in 1843, and was brought up on a farm. His school opportunities were but meagre, only a few weeks in the winter being devoted to schooling. When the war broke out, Mr. Mount at once volunteered, and entered the Seventy-second Indiana Regiment. The young soldier soon made a record for gallantry, and in the history of the Seventy-second Regiment the story reads that "Sergeant James A. Mount was the first soldier across the Chattahoochee River." When the war was over, having saved some little money, Mount, eager for an education, entered the Lebanon Academy, and remained there a close student for two years. After leaving school he at once engaged in farming. He devoted close attention to farming, and by his industry and intelligence acquired the reputation of being among the leading agriculturists in the State. Mr. Mount possessed, too, a certain gift of eloquence, which acquired additional force by study. When the Ohio Republican party wanted a speaker to stump their State, Mr. Mount was sent for. It may be remembered how on the Chautauqua Assembly platform it was Mr. Mount who followed Governor Flower. In 1885 Mr. Mount was elected State Senator. In 1890 his name was mentioned as a gubernatorial candidate, but he declined the honor.

The Governor-elect of Wisconsin, Major Edward Scofield, was born near Clearfield, Pennsylvania, in 1842. His father, Isaac Scofield, was an Irishman, engaged in farming and lumbering. The boy attended public school, and later an academy at Clearfield. When Scofield was thirteen he found occupation at the printing-office of the Indiana *Democrat*, of Indiana, Pennsylvania. In 1858 he worked for another newspaper at Brookville, Pennsylvania. In 1861 he tendered his services to his country, and entered the army as a private in the Eleventh Regiment, Pennsylvania Reserves. Re-enlisting, he followed the Army of the Potomac to Virginia. For gallantry at the battle of Fredericksburg he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy. At Gettysburg he was commissioned Captain of Company K, Eleventh Pennsylvania Reserves, "for meritorious conduct upon the field." Captured after the battle of the Wilderness, he was at last paroled. Returning home broken down in health, he found a commission of Major awaiting him "for gallant conduct in the battle of the Wilderness." At the close of the war Mr. Scofield was twenty-three years old. He next became an assistant engineer on the work of the Allegheny Valley Railroad. In 1868 he went to Chicago, and finally became interested in the lumber business at Oconto, Wisconsin, and through thrift and industry soon found himself at the head of a very large business. In 1887 Major Scofield was elected to the State Senate from the First District of Wisconsin. In 1894 his fitness for the Governorship found many advocates.

Hazen S. Pingree was born in Maine in 1842. Up to fourteen years of age the Governor-elect of Michigan worked hard on the stony ground of his father's small patch of land. Attending school in winter, he gained a fair education. When not laboring on the farm he found employment in cotton-mills. Seeking more steady work, Mr. Pingree went to Hopkinton, Massachusetts, and entered a shoe factory there. When the war broke out young Pingree enlisted at once, and was enrolled in the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. The first service he saw was at Bull Run. After the expiration of his early term of service he re-enlisted, and was assigned to the Second Brigade, Third Division, Second Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac. With his brigade young Pingree fought in the battles of Fredericksburg, Harris Farm, Spottsylvania Court House, and Cold Harbor. In 1864 he was captured by Mosby, and spent five months a prisoner at Andersonville, but made his escape. Again he entered the service, and took part in the battles of Fort Fisher, Boyden, Sailors Creek, and finally was honorably mustered out of service. Some time in 1866 he went to Detroit. His former experience in a shoe factory he made use of, and he found work. Then he formed a partnership with another workman, and a small shoe factory was started. This business soon grew, and in time became a large factory, and made Mr. Pingree a well-to-do manufacturer. Mr. Pingree's entrance into politics was in 1889. A Republican Mayor was wanted, and an honest, hard-working business man willing to take the position was difficult to find. Mr. Pingree's name was suggested. Nominated for Mayor, he was elected by a surprisingly large majority, and he has been serving the city of Detroit in this office for a fourth term. Mr. Pingree has been the means of settling many labor disputes in Detroit, and has waged a campaign against the gas trust and other powerful corporations in his city.

Lon V. Stephens, Governor-elect of Missouri on the fusion ticket, was born in Boonville, Missouri, December 21, 1857. On the death of his father he became a reporter, and afterwards editor, of the Boonville *Advertiser*, which his father had owned. Later he entered the bank with which his father had been identified, rising to the position of cashier. When the Fifth National Bank of St. Louis failed, he was made receiver. In reply to charges of maladministration of this trust, made during the recent campaign, ex-Comptroller of the Treasury, E. S. Lacy, published a signed statement that in his opinion Receiver Stephens had "handled the affairs of that trust with marked ability and fidelity, and produced results which could hardly have been expected by the most sanguine creditors at the time the failure took place." Mr. Stephens was appointed State Treasurer by Governor Francis, and he was renominated to this office by the next Democratic State Convention. In 1889 Mr. Stephens married Miss Margaret Nelson, daughter of James M. Nelson, a free-silver banker of Boonville. Mr. Stephens has not been officially connected with a bank for some years, and a good deal of the opposition he has encountered in his canvass for the Governorship has been from the local banking fraternity. He has posed as a friend of labor, getting a strong indorsement, just on the eve of the election, from labor leaders Sovereign and Debs.

Ebe Walter Tunnell, Governor-elect of Delaware, was born in 1844, in Baltimore Hundred, Sussex County, Delaware, and went to school at Lewes and Milford. In 1870 he was chosen a member of the General Assembly. Later on he became interested in railroads, and was instrumental in having the Junction and Breakwater Railroad extended. He is at present a director of the Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia Railroad. Two years ago he became the Democratic candidate for Governor, but was defeated by Joshua H. Marvel, the Republican candidate.

George Wesley Atkinson, the newly elected Governor of West Virginia, was born in Kanawha County, Virginia, in 1841, and graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University. He is a man of culture, having received the degree of Ph.D. from the U. S. Grant University, and LL.D. from the Nashville University. Mr. Atkinson taught school in Kanawha County, and attended later lectures on law at the Columbia University, and was admitted to the bar in 1875. In 1869 he was made Collector of Tolls of the Kanawha River Board, and retained the office for two years. He was postmaster of Charleston, Kanawha County, from 1871 to 1877, when he resigned, having been selected as Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, and the Internal Revenue Agent of the United States Treasury. In 1877 he assumed the position of editor-in-chief of the Wheeling *Evening Standard*. In 1881 he was appointed United States Marshal of the District of Western Virginia. In 1885 he was elected to the Fifty-first Congress, but his case was disputed. He made a contest before Congress, and was finally seated. Mr. Atkinson is the author of several books: *The History of Kanawha, Revenue Digest, Prominent Men of West Virginia, The West Virginia Pulpit*. He is a member of the Republican State Executive Committee and of the National Republican Executive Committee. Mr. Atkinson's ability as a public speaker is unquestioned, and as a lawyer he ranks among the first in West Virginia.

William Haselden Ellerbee, Governor-elect of South Carolina, was born in Marion County, South Carolina, in 1862. In 1880 he entered Wofford College, and next studied at the Vanderbilt University at Nashville. In 1886, as a planter, he attended the first farmer's convention, held at Columbia. In 1890 he was candidate for Governor, but was defeated.

THE MOUTHS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE scare that New Orleans has lately been treated to by the discovery that "a crevasse" or break in the bank of the Mississippi in Pass à Loutre, threatening the stability of the jetties, has caused a general investigation of the lower river, and has brought out the fact that there are half a dozen breaks in it; but the engineers are unable to say whether they are natural streams or artificial, for in the soft soil of Louisiana a ditch can soon grow into a river. The name given to one of the new outlets of the Mississippi, Baptiste Collet's Canal, would indicate its human origin, but the engineers can discover nothing of its story, for tradition has lost record of it. Whatever it was originally, it is now a river, or part of a river. It is well known that Bayou Plaquemine, formerly a large navigable stream, and the means of communication between New Orleans and Southwest Louisiana, was originally a plantation ditch, which the flow of water from the Mississippi increased in time to a bayou, and finally into a river. It then became so dangerous, threatening many parishes with overflow, that it was dammed up by the government thirty years ago. Now the United States is spending some $600,000 to open it and to construct immense locks at its juncture with the Mississippi, so as to admit the largest steamers going *viâ* the Plaquemine, to the Atchafalaya, Teche, and other West Louisiana streams. It is this human origin of many rivers in southern Louisiana which keeps the engineers and the geographers puzzled, for a ditch may become a river in a dozen years, especially if there is a high water.

THE MESSAGE OF THE PEOPLE.

HIST ye, Bryan! Did you hear it? How
it rolled from sea to sea!
Did you hear the thunderous answer of a
people great and free?
Did you hear the word they've spoken—
have you felt that shoulder-blow?
To your vile repudiation, have you heard
their mighty NO?

Hist ye, Tillman! Have you noticed how
the people of this land
Have ar'sen in their honor to strike down
your pirate hand?
Have you seen upon their banner there is
blazoned, fair to see,
Their renewal of allegiance unto Truth and
Purity?

Hist ye, Altgeld! Can you read it? Can
you read the message through?
'Tis a message that the people in their
might intend for you—
How they'll tolerate no Anarch in this land
that they have won;
How they'll strangle every effort quite as
soon as 'tis begun!

Have you heard it, O misguided? If you
have not, it were well
That you learned from those who've done
so what the people have to tell:
*We've a country, and we've made it, and
we're going to keep it clean,
And we'll throttle any Serpent who would
make it base and mean!*

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

November 4, 1896.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

SOME people may have been surprised to learn by a recent cable despatch that an attempt upon the life of Monseigneur Bartholomeos, the new Armenian Orthodox Patriarch of Constantinople, had been made by a few of his own co religionists and countrymen. This attempt, criminal as it was, is explained by the unpatriotic conduct of the Patriarch, who, like Monseigneur Archkidian, the Patriarch of the Catholic Armenians, was a tool of the Turkish government. It will be remembered that his predecessor, Monseigneur Izmirlian, a strong defender of the persecuted Armenians, was compelled by the Sultan to resign from his office, a few months ago, and sent in exile to Syria. Bartholomeos, though not elected by the Council of his Church, was appointed by the Porte temporarily and as *locum tenens* of the Greek Orthodox Armenian Patriarch. Soon after, he betrayed his people under the following circumstances: When the Armenian Committees saw that the European powers did not wish to intervene in their favor, even after the massacres in Anatolia, they formed the audacious plan to overthrow the Sultan, with the assistance of the liberal Mussulman party of the "Young Turkey." It was resolved by the secret Committees, "Hintchæk," the Bell, and "Brochak," the Banner, that an attack should be made upon Yildiz Kiosk, the Sultan's palace, on August 31, the anniversary date of Abdul Hamid's enthronement—for it was easier on that day of celebration to approach the palace. But a denunciation of the conspiracy was sent to the Turkish authorities, which then obtained from Monseigneur Bartholomeos certain indications which led to the capture of a member of the secret Committees. At his house papers were found which, without revealing exactly the nature of the plot and the date of its future exploitation, were sufficient to leave no doubt as to its existence. This discovery caused the issuing of an imperial "iradé," or order, which was communicated confidentially, on August 24, to the prefect of police and other chiefs of the Turkish administration not suspected of belonging to the Reformist, or Young Turkey, party. The "iradé" required them to be ready to move for the defence of Islam, threatened by the "Giaours," and notably by the Armenians. A general massacre of the latter was threatened for the 26th of August. It was in the hope to prevent it that the two Armenian Committees, always well informed by their detectives, resolved the attack upon the Banque Ottomane. They expected that the European embassies would be forced at last to interfere. They were deceived in that expectation, as is now known; Stamboul was deluged in the blood of the Christians. It must be noticed that the storming of the Banque was not the pretext for the massacres—which lasted several days—since they had begun early in the same day at the Constantinople faubourg at Psamathia.

F. A.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

HIGH-GRADE DRESS NOVELTIES.

BEWILDERING display of elegance at Arnold, Constable & Co.'s store. A show of elegant and artistic articles in dress goods and materials as must surely bewilder the most hardened of shoppers is now to be seen at Arnold, Constable & Co.'s, at the corner of Broadway and Nineteenth Street. In the silk department there is so much worthy of notice that it seems almost impossible to select special samples of the wealth of beauty which has been imported recently. Satin duchesse, with gold or silver tinsel, in graceful and elegant patterns, specially adapted for dinner and reception dresses, while for street costumes the peau-de-soie material, with colorings of the new blue, new green, and lavender, will be much admired. There are some particularly striking moire antiques in water silks, handsomely brocaded in all the new tints, while a striking exhibit is the white moire antique with flower designs in satin effects, suitable for bridal costumes. This magnificent material is in grades from $2.50 to $10 a yard. A full line of moire velours in tints with gold and silver threads for evening wear is sure to command attention, while some very pretty designs in white grounds with small colored pompadour figures, very well adapted for bridesmaids' dresses, are likely to be popular. Among the velvet materials there are many novelties, most noticeable of which is perhaps the frieze velvet on chameleon ground of taffeta silk. This is an absolute innovation. White velvet figures on a light-colored brocaded groundwork is also new. A very pretty thing is the brocaded velvet with mottled spots on a colored ground, and the velvet on a glacé taffeta in all colors. Plain velvets are likely to be very popular for waists and sleeves or trimmings. In dress goods the drap d'été, in all colors, both dark and light, is an important and attractive novelty.—[*Adv.*]

THE SECOND SUMMER,
many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.—[*Adv.*]

THE public knows DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS is the only genuine. No substitutes.—[*Adv.*]

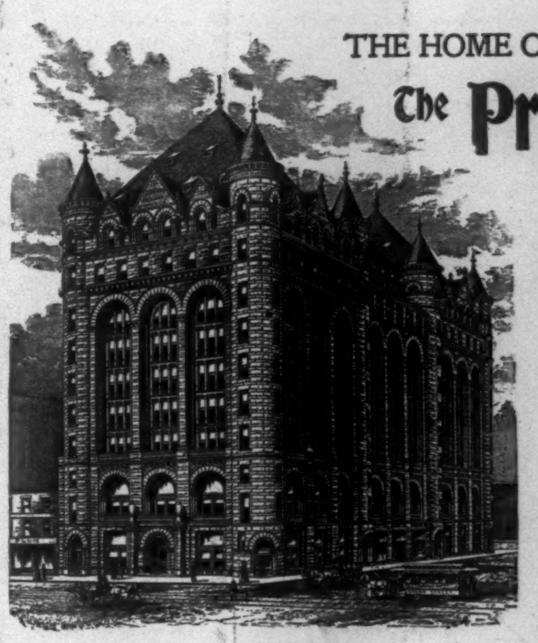
USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HIGHEST AWARDS WHEREVER EXHIBITED
IMPERIAL GRANUM
PURE
NUTRITIOUS WELL-PREPARED
EASILY DIGESTED
THE STANDARD
AND BEST-PREPARED
FOOD
FOR
INVALIDS
AND CONVALESCENTS
FOR DYSPEPTIC DELICATE INFIRM AND
AGED PERSONS
UNRIVALLED
FOR NURSING MOTHERS
INFANTS AND
CHILDREN
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
—SHIPPING DEPOT—
JOHN CARLE & SONS · NEW YORK

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE HOME OFFICE OF
The Prudential



Largest Office Building in the State of New Jersey

From it are directed the operations of the thousands of agents who, in twenty states and the district of Columbia, collect the weekly premiums on 2,400,000 policies in force in the Industrial and Ordinary Branches.

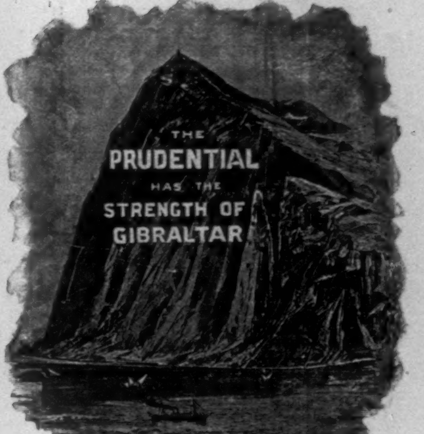
It houses a clerical force of nearly 600 persons engaged in keeping record of The Prudential's business, which comprises over
$300,000,000
of
Life Insurance

From this building The Prudential makes payment every working day of about 150 claims, aggregating $14,000, or between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000 per annum.

The Prudential has paid, up to date, over $23,000,000, distributed to about 250,000 families, and thereby benefiting more than 1,250,000 people.

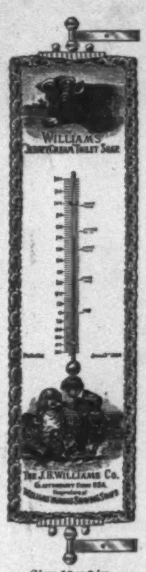
The Prudential offers, through Assets of $15,780,000, Surplus of $3,300,000, and Annual Income of $12,500,000, ample security for fulfilment of contracts, good from start to finish.

Life Insurance for Children, Women and Men. Ages, 1 to 70. Amounts, $15 to $50,000.



The Prudential Insurance Company of America
John F. Dryden, President
Home Office: Newark, N. J.

. . For the Cold Weather . .
A Beautiful Window Thermometer
to fasten outside the window, will be given
Free
for a limited time only, with every dozen cakes of . . . .
WILLIAMS'
Jersey Cream



Toilet Soap.

Jersey Cream Soap is strictly pure, delicately scented and has the soft, healing effect of Sweet, Rich Cream. . . . .

Any druggist or dealer in Soaps can supply you, but if unable to obtain it for any reason, we will deliver to any express office in the U. S., all charges paid, a package of this Soap (one dozen cakes), with Thermometer, on receipt of $2.00.

Size 12 x 8 in.

Sample Cake (full size), 15c. post-paid.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., - Glastonbury, Conn.
Mfrs. for over fifty years of Williams' Shaving Soaps.

White Shirts
—unlaundered, for men and boys, at
63 Cents
Our justly celebrated "Great Wonder" White Shirt,
at this price, is one of the greatest offerings ever made. It is made of excellent white muslin and has an all-linen bosom, fits accurately and launders perfectly. Send size of collar worn. The price—63 cents—includes cost of mailing. Money refunded, if desired.

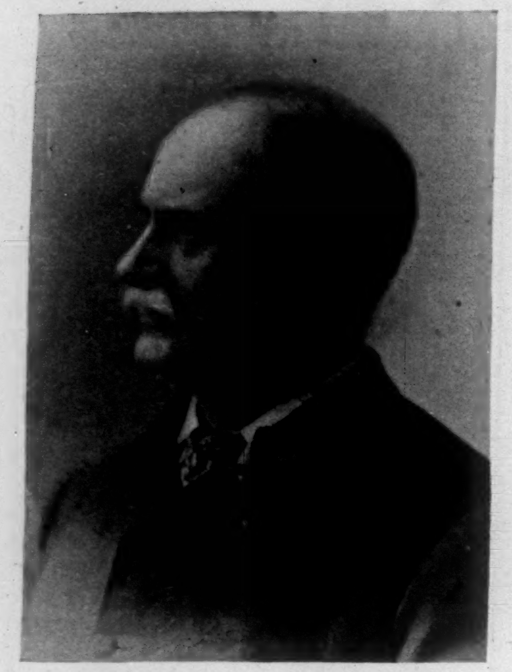
Strawbridge & Clothier,
DRY GOODS. PHILADELPHIA.

Next to having it bright by wishing it so, the easiest way is to make it bright with
"Witch-Kloth"
Gold, Silver, Glass, China, Hardwood—anything you care to keep bright.
Sold by all Stores or 15 cents by mail.
THE ASBURY-PAINE MFG. CO.,
Wayne Junction, Philadelphia.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
Has long held its place in the very front of the best magazines.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*, Feb. 22, 1896.
$4.00 A YEAR
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

BOKER'S BITTERS
The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER
BRIGHT'S, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, ETC.
DR. ALFRED L. LOOMIS, *Professor of Practical Medicine in the University of New York*: "I have used BUFFALO LITHIA WATER Spring No. 2, in Chronic Bright's Disease of the Kidneys occurring in gouty and rheumatic subjects, with marked benefit."
Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free. Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.



COLONEL MAPLESON.

ITALIAN OPERA AT THE ACADEMY.

In the entertaining *Reminiscences* of Luigi Arditi, published a fortnight ago, the author sets forth the series of disasters that befell Colonel Mapleson after his American operatic season of 1885-6. Arditi adds, with a suggestion of courteous regret, that the noted impresario "broke down under the weight of his continued misfortunes, lost all his prestige, and was never again in a position to return to America at the head of an operatic company, in spite of the many efforts he has since made in that direction." Decidedly the esteemed conductor could not have been of counsel with his old employer a twelvemonth or more ago. Or else he was of little faith in what Colonel Mapleson then was engineering as the newest instance of his invincible pluck and persuasiveness. The Imperial Opera Company, at this writing, has revived in no ordinary degree the operatic liveliness of things down in the Academy of Music. That former stronghold of Maplesonian successes repeats them almost boisterously. Behold Colonel Mapleson again presiding there over a whole prospectusful of Italian songsters and songstresses, as urbanely and autocratically as ever. Even for a moment, it is unkind to compare the genial Colonel with a hydra. But we are sure not all the hot irons of a Hercules could burn *him* out of business. The fire of bankruptcy only proves him a very phœnix; and the last thing we are disposed to wish is peace to his ashes. Wisely picking out his date for returning to us, with a large and marketable operatic venture in full array, Colonel Mapleson so far is doing well by us. All things considered, this metropolis, and any other cities of the country that he has scheduled for the visit of the Imperial, can safely do well by him.

Of the majority of Mr. Mapleson's singers nothing was known before he set them face to face with us. His advertisements were read with many question points. Ignorance was confessed even by persons whose knowledge of Italian-opera folks extends into the working troupes of Italy and France, and into that Great Nebula in Italian opera (so full of wandering stars) South America; of whose dozens of Italian companies one may quote the song of the Fool in *King Lear*, and say that "among nine bad if none be good, there's yet one good in ten." Mr. Innocente de Anna was agreeably remembered as a remarkably fine barytone, who gave our public much pleasure, and gave his old employer singular trouble, at the time of the American collapse in 1886. Miss Susan Strong has been among American young women winning German laurels. Madame Scalchi (a deserter, it seems, from the Yellow House uptown), like the poor, is always with us—and always is artistic. Mr. Pinto, a bass, had sung here with good commendations. Two soprani, Madame Darclée and Miss Du Bedat, were not unknown. Mr. Bimboni's presence as one of the two conductors was significant—an admirable young director; and his coadjutor, Mr. Tango, lately has become of good note in Italy. But these names were few compared with twenty or more others; and of the rest little could be stated on an unprejudiced basis.

Known or unknown in making-up, the "Imperial" company has thus far proved itself interesting and excellent. Such performances as *Aida* have set so high a mark for efficiency in Colonel Mapleson's new organization that it has won favor, with something of the element of surprise. The troupe is not a star association. On the other hand, it seems to be a thoroughly well-balanced, firm, intelligent one, full of capable and artistic singers. It gives its stock Italian opera with practically the same qualities of performance that one meets at half a dozen of the better operatic houses of northern Italy. So far there does not seem to be an artist *non grata* in the force. Reckoning from *Aida* and *Les Huguenots* evenings and from relapses to *La Traviata* and the *Trovatore* (the only performances heard at the time of this commentary), we have seldom had in town a better ensemble stock company, better directed and better managed. In Verdi's stately Egyptian drama its performance has been at once solid and brilliant. Madame Bonaplata-Bau is a vividly dramatic soprano, in spite of the limitations and curiously imperfect production of her voice. Madame Hariclée Darclée, though there seems to have been great indiscretion in the training of a naturally admirable mezzo-soprano, and consequent wear on it that should have been almost entirely saved, is a remarkable actress. She has given our public a presentation of Verdi's Violetta such as only the merely dramatic stage has afforded us, and sings with great expression to atone for a lack of lyric charm. In Madame Parsi is discovered a contralto with a broad and rich organ, in its best estate, used with a superior method—a singer suited to any Italian company. Mr. De Marchi is a barytone-tenor in the quality of a large, resonant, dramatic organ; and he is a capital actor. Mr. Durot and Mr. Randaccio are acceptable tenors, and, a complete novice on the public stage anywhere, young Mr. Betti has a more than usual voice. Mr. De Anna has not suffered in sonority of voice, justness of intonation, nor in his elocutionary art since he was aforetime here. As Amonasro his peculiar mastery in dramatic recitative was as much of a lesson as ten years ago. If we always had as good a second barytone as Mr. Dadò handy about the city we might think ourselves lucky. One may say the same of Mr. Ughetti. And there are others on the Imperial list, at present awaiting their coming and turn, whereof we are now encouraged to expect good possibilities. There is an uncommonly well-voiced and well-drilled chorus, whose singing is so true and hearty that we wish it might set a standard elsewhere. The orchestra is of the best local material. Mr. Bimboni is a decisive, discreet, vigilant young director, and it is a pleasure to note how small effects as well as more salient ones lie on his conscience. Mr. Tango is not his coadjutor's inferior, and we expect continuously good leadership from so precise a bâton. The ballet exhibits a youthfulness which makes amends for some choregraphic *gaucherie*. Scenery and costumes are alike as fresh as paint and Liberty's stuff can offer.

Taken as a whole, therefore, Colonel Mapleson's sudden resurrection and escape from those hard-fisted spoilsmen, who insisted on having their money or his ample and military person, must be not merely applauded, but lauded. He gave us many opera seasons, until 1885-6, that were built on larger companies full of great singers. Thanks to him, in the time of the Academy's social prestige its unsurpassed acoustics were kept busy with the notes of most of the highest-famed and highest-priced Italian singing of the period. But his present humbler venture is not less meritorious; and it is not straining courtesy, nor only remembering that old acquaintance should not be forgot, to give him and his troupe for 1896-7 all amiable and complimentary suffrages.

It is curious to the older generation of opera-goers to note how Italian works that ten years ago were regarded as the a b c of operatic acquaintanceship are new names to the young folks who have been growing up in the fierce light that beats on lyric drama, as the neo-Italian and neo-French composers and Wagner have set it pulsating. Doubtless, in the natural course of things, the first quarter of the coming century will hear of quite new divinities,

O. BIMBONI.

and the Dagons of this time will be quite as displaced and shattered in dignity—and as Philistine as one pleases to think. Fortunately, Gluck and Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann, are not likely to suffer loss of reverence and authority in the divine art. The great and sufficient and true effect produced by relatively the simple means makes for artistic immortality, if anything does.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

THE HORSE-SHOW PEOPLE.

The Horse-Show Man and the Horse-Show Girl,
Caught for a week in the giddy whirl
Of the Garden's maelstrom, round they go,
Eyes on the boxes, none for the Show.

Beautiful butterflies on parade—
Solomon surely was ne'er arrayed
In all his glory like one of these
(Lucky for Solomon's royal ease).

And up in the boxes Fashion's gaze
Falls on them lightly with mild amaze;
And the horses laugh—for they can see
That clothes do not involve pedigree;

That breeding, form, and action go
For naught in a Dressmaker-Tailor Show,
And little it matters of all the lot
Who's dammed by whom or sired by what.

The Horse-Show Girl and the Horse-Show Man:
Great is their vogue, but brief their span!
And whence she comes or whither he goes,
Nobody cares and nobody knows.

Walker Aken.

ARMING THE MOSLEMS.

The constant reports of the arming of the Moslem population are the most serious sign of a general break-up in the Turkish Empire. To understand just what it means, it is necessary to know the constitution of that population. It may be divided into three classes—government employees, landed proprietors, and laborers. Of these, the first class is chiefly in the cities. The number of Turks in Constantinople, Smyrna, Trebizond, and the various capitals of provinces, who are either directly or indirectly dependent upon the government is enormous. As a rule, they are a class with very little of individuality or energy, and are the least reliable element, whether for the sustaining or the opposing of any given undertaking. The laborers are a fluctuating and liable to be a turbulent class. They are, when found in the cities, to a great degree, what are called bachelors—men who have left their families in the villages and have come to earn some money, with which they hope to go back to their homes, purchase a little property, and rise a grade in the communal society. They herd together in khans, gathering and developing the worst vices attendant on such a life. They are sturdy, fanatical, easily aroused to deeds of violence, and form the most dangerous element in the empire.

Between these two classes lies the great middle class, owning the great amount of real estate, whether in the cities or the country, conducting the business, so far as it is not in the hands of Armenians or Greeks, and supplying that element of force which has been the strength of the Turkish government for three centuries. They are genuine Moslems, loyal to their faith and to their leaders, and frequently manifest an amount of intelligence and independent opinion not usually credited to the Turkish character. Any one who supposes that the Sultan, because he is Caliph, can lead his people wherever he chooses, and to any limit, would be surprised to attend some evening gathering in the "guest-room" of an interior village, or even in a café in Constantinople, at any time when the city is not so full of spies that no two men dare to be seen in quiet conversation even on the street.

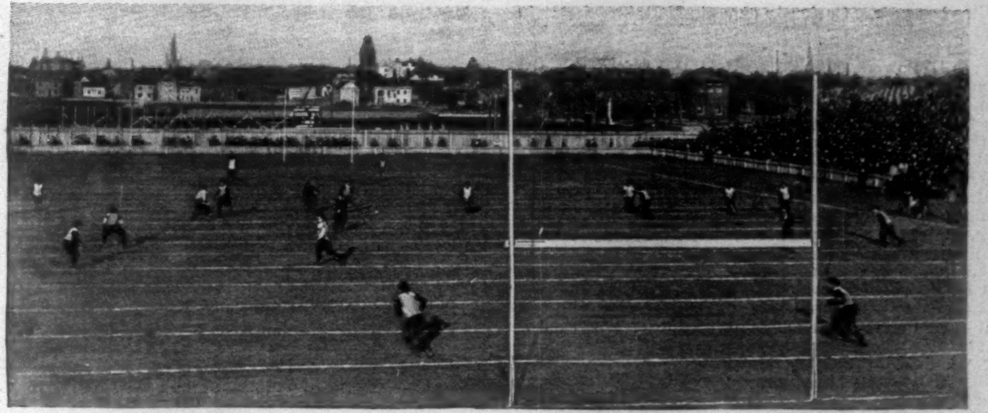
During the past year the attitude of these three classes has been in entire accord with their general character. The officials and their dependents have been quiet, on the whole, allowing things to take their course. The middle class have to a degree done the same, but have often exerted a strong influence against carrying massacre and pillage to the extreme. The laborers have everywhere been the danger. In Constantinople it was the porters, the itinerant venders, especially the grape-sellers, almost all from a single section in Asia Minor, who did whatever of killing was not done by the soldiers. They alone have nothing to lose by anarchy, and everything to gain, hence they give free rein to passion and lust.

Two important elements remain to be spoken of—the army and the priesthood. These are often considered apart from the three classes mentioned above. This is only partially correct. In general the priests may be classed with the proprietors. Occasionally the softas, or students, break out in riot, but in the main the ulema are interested in the preservation of law and order and the safety of business. Their income is chiefly from real estate, and they are interested in its best development, and thus conservative when it comes to a question of the disturbance of values. So far as the army is concerned, a very strong element among both officers and privates is thoroughly convinced that the present government is irredeemably corrupt, and that there is no hope for the empire except in a change. There is absolutely no mutual confidence. The men have no faith in their officers, and the officers dare not trust the men. The regulars hate the Albanians, Circassians, and Kurds, and are in turn despised by them—at least by the first mentioned. The Kurds are not a brave people. Turks have not yet forgotten that Shipka was sold to Russia by a Turkish general, and so great is the demoralization that every one is suspicious of every one else.

It is evident thus that the laborer class holds what may be called the balance of power, and is the club which the Sultan is flourishing over the heads of his Christian subjects and in the face of Europe. Practically the arming of them is a defiance to the world—a daring of Christian nations to do anything for the protection of the Armenians. More than that, it is a threat for all besides the Armenians. Once let loose, these men will not trouble themselves to distinguish between Greek or Catholic and Armenian, or hesitate before a foreign residence or respect a foreign flag. It is therefore a definite notice to Russia and France that if they join with England in any effort to coerce the government, their own protégés will suffer what England's friends have suffered. The Sultan is at bay. He sees the situation growing more and more desperate, not merely abroad, but at home. The tone of diplomatic notes is becoming peremptory, but he would care little for that were it not for the mutinous spirit in his army, and the significant assertions from his own people in many places in the interior that, no matter what orders come from Constantinople, no more massacres will be permitted. He has cut off his resources by the destruction of the best element of the Armenians; he has alienated the loyalty of the best element of the Turks; he has made it almost impossible for any European power to support the integrity of his empire. He turns now to the lowest and most dangerous element in the nation, and invites them to a renewal of riot and massacre. He appeals to their lust, their avarice, their fanaticism, and threatens the world with the most terrible carnage of the innocents if they press him too closely.

The question for Europe is, can the disaster be averted? Unquestionably it can. But action must be prompt, decided, effectual. The winter is at hand, and the passes will soon be covered with snow, but in the present disorganized condition of the empire a series of sudden blows at Constantinople, Trebizond, Erzerum, Smyrna, Adana, Aleppo, would paralyze any general action, give time for the conservative element among the Turks to assert itself, and while there might, and undoubtedly would, be considerable rioting in smaller places, the great part of the country would be quiet. There must be no delay, however. While diplomatic notes are passing, the arming is going on, notwithstanding the repeated denials of the Turkish government, and every week's delay will increase the difficulty and the cost of the action, which must come sooner or later, unless Europe is willing to stand by and see the Christians of Turkey annihilated.

AMATEUR SPORT



HARVARD VS. INDIANS—DISTRIBUTION OF PLAYERS ON THE KICK OFF—SOLDIERS' FIELD.

THAT WAS A BOLD STROKE and a beneficient one for the cause of wholesome college athletics recently made by the president and faculty of Ohio State University. It was along the lines of that other worthy effort by the University of Pennsylvania, disclosed through insistence upon its athletes attaining a certain standard of scholastic excellence before being eligible to candidacy for any of the teams, and maintaining that excellence in order to stay on them.

The Ohio University had in the captain of its present eleven a most zealous and expert worker in football, but an indifferent disciple in the class-room. That is to say, he cut recitations, and neglected his duties as a student generally. As a result, the faculty requested his resignation of the football captaincy, and suspended him from college. Following upon this action came a student petition to the faculty for the reinstatement of the captain. But the faculty, strongly backed by the president of the university, not only resolutely held their position, but convinced a majority of the undergraduates of the need of just such drastic measures if the healthful prosperity of their sport was to be considered.

That this salutary influence produced good results was illustrated subsequently when the football eleven declined to take advantage of the permission of a rival college team to play against it the ex-captain under an assumed name, in order that the State university might not lose his services, and the faculty be none the wiser.

NOTHING HAS BEEN DONE at any college in this country that more truly shows the spirit of sport for the sake of the playing, and not necessarily for the winning, than this action of the Ohio State University faculty and its reception and support by the undergraduates. It is a splendid victory for wholesome university sport; a notable example of genuine sportsmanship. It suggests the need of all universities establishing, like University of Pennsylvania, a standard of scholastic excellence. A man who neglects or abandons his legitimate work as a student for any form of athletics is violating the ethics of amateur sport, aside from being a menace to the healthfulness of the game itself. The Ohio University faculty puts the situation forcibly.... "One so negligent of his work cannot possibly be considered a student—even though for any reason his nominal connection with the institution has not been severed. There are men in the Athletic Association who are honorably striving for recognition by the Association. To permit one of their number to surpass them because he unlawfully takes time from his required work, which they are not willing to so use, is to put them at a decided and an unfair disadvantage. The teams of other colleges are (presumably) playing honestly in these matters. To play against them a team that is allowed to take time from legitimate university work is to put these representatives of other institutions at an unfair disadvantage."

This, it seems to me, breathes the very spirit of fair play and of healthful college sport. It has always been my opinion that no student should be permitted to represent his college against other colleges, whether in football, baseball, track athletics, rowing, debating, unless he was in good class-room standing. It is not fair to the other students, to the college, or to the boy himself—to say nothing of the opponents.

WHAT A GUARANTEE OF GOOD FAITH and what gratifying evidence of sympathy with wholesome sport and sportsmanly endeavor would be the establishment of a required standard of scholastic excellence at all universities!

BANNARD (PRINCETON) GOING THROUGH CORNELL TACKLE BEHIND INTERFERENCE.

Colleges which have not such a standard should lose no time in raising one.

In rare cases only is it the fault of the boys that they neglect their studies for athletics. The fault lies with the coaches and trainers that demand too much time and too much work of the athletes. Boys are not, as a rule, inclined to study, and if permitted to play football instead, they are pretty apt to take full advantage of the privilege.

The key to the whole situation is in the hands of the faculties, that could insist, if they chose, upon the promulgation, through the athletic committees, of a decree requiring every member of and candidate for an athletic team to attain a prescribed standard of scholastic excellence, or, failing, to be ineligible to represent the university.

ANOTHER SPLENDID exhibition of the true amateur spirit was that given by Lafayette in refusing the tempting offers of large gate-money for a second game with the University of Pennsylvania team. Lafayette's course has been thoroughly sportsmanly not only in rejecting the Philadelphia game with its assurances of several thousand dollars, but in declining to abandon less important games on its regular schedule for especial matches that have been sought since revelation of the eleven's strength. It was Lafayette's only rightful course, to be sure, but others of more importance in the college athletic world have had their course as clearly marked and yet gone astray; therefore is Lafayette to be commended, since abundant examples less righteous were not wanting.

PRINCETON VS. CORNELL—KELLY THROUGH CENTRE.

PRINCETON'S "REVOLVING TANDEM" PLAY—BAIRD MAKING TOUCH-DOWN THROUGH CORNELL'S CENTRE.

GOLF HAS SLUMBERED SOMEWHAT during the more serious contest making at the polls for the nation's honor. There was no play of particular interest for the two weeks preceding Election day—the last notable performance having been a new record for the Ardsley Casino course at 86, by W. H. Sands—B. S. de Garmendia, on the same occasion, doing the course in only three strokes worse, 89, which was the former record for this links, held also by Sands.

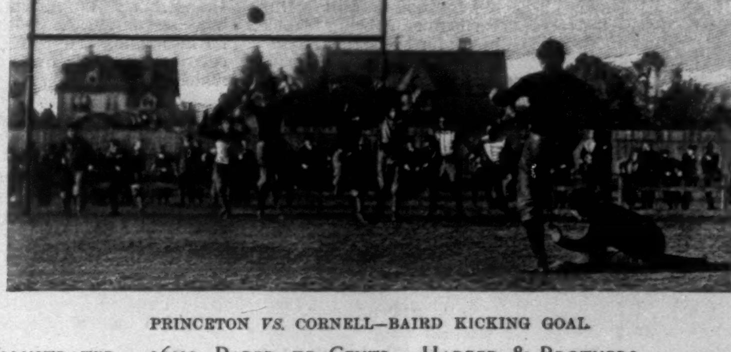
The Ardsley tournament proved to be one of the most interesting of the year, and Ardsley itself is certain to become an important factor in the golfing world—partly because of its complete and attractive equipment, but more particularly because of the class of its active membership, which includes many college men prominent but a few years ago in the athletics of their respective universities. A worthy effort has been made to make the course playable and the club-house livable, and the results are already apparent. Forty men handed in cards at the recent tournament, and the general scoring was very good, especially among the handicap class, which is rapidly growing more skilful. Fully half of them made the round in two figures.

BOSTON'S MOST IMPORTANT TOURNAMENT was that for the championship of the Country Club, in which fifteen were entered and thirteen returned cards, three of the latter being credited with figures within the century. Interest centred in the play of J. S. Thorpe, Herbert Leeds, and Q. A. Shaw, Jun.; and Thorpe sustained his reputation for telling strokes by winning with a score of 90, although there was a difference of 10 strokes in his first and second rounds, the one being done in 50, and the other in 40. Leeds captured second prize with a total of 92, making the first round in 44, and the second in 48. Shaw was third with 94, his first round being done in 43, and the second in 48. The next best score was 102, made by F. E. Zerrahn. G. E. Cabot made one round in 49, and three men—Austin Potter, Samuel Carr, and G. B. Blake—made a round each in 50.

Philadelphia's Country Club championship, decided by medal play, was won rather easily by J. W. Biddle, 6 up and 5 to play, from W. M. McCauley, who had defeated R. E. Griscom, 5 up and 4 to play. Lynford Biddle was the other one of the four that qualified for the final rounds, but he too was beaten handily by his brother, J. W., 7 up and 5 to play. None of the contestants showed form approaching that of the winner.

THE WESTCHESTER COUNTRY CLUB tournament marked the success of an old football-player, Duncan Edwards, who, with a handicap of 18 strokes, tied for first place with Malcolm Graham (handicap 9) at 175, and both beat Toler, W. H. Sands, Menzies, and Armstrong, who finished fourth, eighth, thirteenth, and fourteenth—Toler and Menzies from scratch, Sands owing 2 strokes, and Armstrong allowed 3. James Stillman (handicapped 8) was third with 176. Altogether forty-eight men started, and all handed in cards. The tournament was admirably managed, and a success in every respect.

PLAY FOR THE JOHN REID GOLD MEDAL occupied the St. Andrews links Election day, and the winner proved to be W. H. Sands, 173—who was also the successful com-



PRINCETON VS. CORNELL—BAIRD KICKING GOAL.

"A PRIMER OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL."—BY W. H. LEWIS.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, PAPER, 75 CENTS.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

petitor last year. Curiously enough, L. B. Stoddart, who won second this year to Sands with a score of 175, also secured the same place last year. Menzies was third with 181; S. D. Bowers, fourth, 183; R. H. Robertson, fifth, 186. Armstrong could get no better place than sixth with 189, and De Garmendia failed of equalling the expectations of his friends, and took twelfth place with 199. The play of the leaders was very good, though astonishingly weak at times on approach shots. The remainder of the twenty-one starters gave a fair exhibition of modern golf.

HARVARD'S MANNER OF INVESTIGATING the status of Gailey and Baird has been ungenerous to these two young men, and distinctly discourteous to Princeton. Not that a college should, unchallenged, be permitted to play ineligible men, or should withhold a merited and timely protest against infraction of rules or contempt of contract. But there is a traditional form among gentlemen for the doing of these things, and a proper time to do them. Harvard had certainly a month before last Saturday during which she could have investigated the *personnel* of Princeton's team and expressed her satisfaction or dissatisfaction to Princeton's athletic sponsors. To have left investigation until within a week of the game was a breach of athletic etiquette, as well as an open disregard of articles of mutual agreement, which provide that a protest must be lodged ten days before a contest.

The criticism I make is that Harvard should, by her tardy and cavalier manner of investigating, create such an amount of unpleasant newspaper sensation, and give Princeton, and particularly Gailey and Baird, so undesirable notoriety within a few days of their game, and when, no matter what had been unearthed by Harvard, it would not have been in season to make a protest tenable.

Harvard has always had such a lamentable weakness for *post mortem* and newspaper discussion. I was in hopes the experience of '94 had corrected the habit.

NOW AS TO GAILEY AND BAIRD—I find the former eligible under the rules of any college, and the latter eligible under Princeton's rule, which does not bar a man who is not advanced with his class. Princeton's rule in this respect is not Harvard's nor Pennsylvania's, and unquestionably not so good as that of either of these universities, or Yale's. It ought to be raised to an equally high standard, but it is not Harvard's business to make Princeton's rules, nor even to suggest corrections within a week of a big game. Princeton's rule was the same when the Harvard game was agreed upon as it is now; if Harvard did not like it, objection would have been in order before arrangements for playing were consummated. To fill the newspapers with sensational stories at the eleventh hour is outrageously unfair to the two young men concerned.

Gailey was a student of Lafayette College for three years, and played on the 'varsity two years. He entered Princeton in '94, not playing that year, because of the one-year-residence rule enforced upon men coming from other colleges. Last year he played against both Harvard and Yale, and is therefore in his fourth and last year of college football. We shall expect Princeton next year to alter her rules of eligibility so that a man whose class-room standing is not first-rate, or who has failed to be advanced with his class, will be forbidden any of the 'varsity teams. Meanwhile Baird is eligible to represent Princeton in any of the games for which arrangements are already completed.

NEVER WAS A GAME PLAYED that gave more pleasure to the on-lookers and more gratification to those workers for wholesome sportsmanly sport than the Harvard-Indian game. The plucky stand of Harvard in her crippled condition, the hard, absolutely clean game of the Indians, and the result always in doubt, made such a contest as I had never beheld. Too much praise cannot be given this Indian team for its showing this year; for the quality of its football after but three years of the game at Carlisle, and above all for its sportsmanly conduct and clean play. They were much harassed at Princeton by questionable umpiring; an unjust referee's decision lost them the Yale game—and yet they played ball on both occasions.

I regard the conduct of these Indians to have had a more wholesome influence on the game than any occurrence of recent years. All honor to them!

If the Indians knew more football and could kick, there is no team playing this year that could beat them. Against Harvard, as against Yale and Princeton, they played the style of game Yale played in '92 and '93—push plays almost entirely—revolving wedge, turtle back, etc.—and were as good at the style as ever was Yale.

THE CONTEST FURNISHED the most marked demonstration possible of the advance made in the game of football within the last four years.

Harvard put up modern defence, and only once was there prospect of an Indian touch-down; then—as on every other occasion for alarm—Harvard kicked the ball out of danger, her ends always got down under the kick, and once or twice secured the ball again. Doucette's game is worthy of especial praise. For three years he has played on the second eleven, and is little short of Frank Shaw's equal. He takes a lot of punishment, but is always ready to play either at guard or centre, and was an improvement on Shaw last year in the Penn. game. How a man of his physique (he is about as large around as high), can play at all is remarkable. Yet he played Lone Wolf very evenly, and really is entitled to the credit of winning the game. The Indian quarter fumbled, and Doucette was past Lone Wolf, had possession of the ball, and had started down the field, to every one's amazement. He ran fully 35 yards with the ball, and then, his wind being gone, and the Indian half-back Metoxen at his heels, he passed the ball to Dunlop, who carried it five yards farther before being tackled. The next line-up sent the ball over for Harvard. No goal was kicked, and those four points were all Harvard made; but she kept the Indians from scoring, and that is more than Yale or Princeton did.

Harvard showed unexpected strength in defensive play, and the greater part of it was due to excellent team-work. The Indians banged through Harvard's line and carried the ball for yards at a time; yet at critical moments Harvard braced up, checked further incursive attempts, and, securing the ball, kicked it back to where the Indians had begun their line-bucking. Once, on their 3-yard line, they got the ball on downs, and then punted it to the 40-yard line. For the Indians the work of Metoxen was surprising; his line-plunging has not very often been excelled. Lone Wolf, Wheelock, and B. Pierce made the centre impregnable.

YALE DEFEATED WEST POINT—16-2—in a splendidly contested game on the cadets' part, and by much better football than Yale had shown this season. Connor and Nesbitt, the West Point half-backs, were very strong, especially in tackling, and gained more distance around Yale's ends than any other half-backs have this year. The West Point line was stiff, and held Yale on a couple of occasions where a touch-down was at stake.

This game gave the first indications of Yale's acquiring the familiar strength and team-play of New Haven elevens. Probably the most noticeable improvement was in the way the backs went up into the line. There was more speed at the start, and greater snap in the play throughout. Mills and Benjamin did their best work of the season, and Hinkey's punting was of great value. It is more than probable he will be retained at full-back on that account; certainly a reliable, steady man is needed in the back field, for Princeton is certain to give Yale plenty of kicks to handle. The line is strong, and will be stronger with Chamberlain, Murray, Chadwick, Rodgers, Murphy, Bass, and Connor (or Hazen), who have been played pretty steadily together, and are no doubt the final choice.

THE PRINCETON-CORNELL GAME, won by Princeton, 37-0, was the most interesting one-sided contest I think I ever saw. And that was because of the spirit of Princeton's play. It set off so rapidly and kept its pace so consistently that it was exhilarating only to watch it. No Princeton team in my recollection has played such football at this time of the year, and only the '93 eleven showed such work at the end of the season. Cornell was no match at all for Princeton. Throughout the two halves she carried the ball in hand but fifteen yards. Not once did Princeton surrender the ball on downs, and not once did Cornell succeed in making the necessary gain of five yards with the ball in hand. The longest gain was a 10-yard run by Beacham after catching a punt. Beacham at left half-back, and Taussig, right end, were the only Cornell men whose work showed up in the game.

For Princeton, perhaps the play of Crowdis was most noticeable, because he so completely outdid himself, and put up an exceedingly strong game withal. Brokaw at end shows the material for a high-class man when he has had more experience. If Armstrong and Church would pay more attention to the game, and less to worrying their opponents, they would be infinitely more valuable to the team. They are both apt to cost Princeton many yards by their off-side and other illegitimate play.

Cornell could not divine Princeton's formations nor break them up, and though she played pluckily and good football, was outclassed.

Dashiel's umpiring was, as usual, impartial and strict. If we but had a few more such competent, fearless officials!

PRINCETON DEFEATED HARVARD Saturday, 12-0, in one of the, to spectators, most tiresome games on record. It began at 2.10, and, playing 35-minute halves, was not finished until 5.20. During the first half Princeton played continuously for time; during the second her acting captain, Church, kept up the illusion, and there were some coaching exhortations from the Princeton side of the gridiron that were unpleasantly vehement, and in open disregard of the rules. That men who assist in the framing of the rules should fail of showing them respect is an example to players most deplorable. Generally speaking, the game was very cleanly played, the only exception being a Harvard man (of whose name I am not sure), who tripped a Princeton man over his knee just as the ball was snapped; and Church, whose tendency to roughing is especially grievous in a player of such high class. It weakens a man's work and lessens his value to a team. It occasioned Church's missing several tackles on Saturday he should and would have made had he been playing football at the moment, and it entirely put the Harvard tripper out of the play. I regret the need of especial mention that is not laudatory, but the health of football demands the instant checking of these unsportsmanlike tendencies.

HARVARD'S PLAY WAS DOUBLY SURPRISING—first in the unexpected revelation of strength in defensive work, and again in the lack of judgment in offensive play, particularly in the second half of the game. All through the first half Harvard's line was so stiff as to withstand Princeton's most determined efforts. In fact, except for one Princeton series of line plays which netted thirty-five yards, and Bannard's forty-yard end run for a touch-down shortly after the beginning of the second half, there was not a great deal of ground-gaining with the ball in hand. It was a kicking game throughout the first half, and, so far as Princeton was concerned, largely so in the second half as well. Harvard was outkicked at all times, even when the wind favored her full-back, but her kicking, such as it was, and some superb defensive play, kept Princeton from crossing her goal-line in the first half, and had similar tactics been followed in the second half one touch-down might have been saved.

FROM FIRST TO LAST Princeton played a hard game with rare executive skill and exceedingly good judgment. They wasted no energy in line-bucking when fifty or sixty or more yards from the coveted goal-line of their opponents. Whenever they acquired possession of the ball in their own territory it was passed back to Baird, who promptly lifted it into the territory of Harvard. There was little line-bucking until an exchange of punts had put them within striking distance of the crimson line. As a result, when Harvard seemed tiring, toward the middle of the second half, Princeton's play had lost none of its steam or direction. It was extraordinary Harvard could not realize her only hope of scoring, and only salvation from being scored against, to be in kicking the ball at once—every time they received it in their own territory. That blocked kick, which resulted in a touch-down for Princeton, could be traced almost directly to a disregard of these facts. They had received the ball in about the middle of the field, where, instead of punting, an effort was made to run. It was lost on downs. Then Princeton punted to Harvard's (about) 20-yard line. Again Harvard made several tries to run the ball out of their territory, and when they had finally to resort to punting the kick was blocked, and the ball rolled behind their goal-line. Kicking invariably on receiving the ball would certainly have delayed the touch-down, and might have saved it.

PRINCETON OPENED THE FIRST HALF with a strong wind blowing against her, and for a time confined her efforts to tandem and wedge plays. But Harvard's defence was so stout, that the gain was inconsiderable, except on the single occasion when the ball was carried to the crimson eight-yard line and lost on Harvard's splendid defence. In the play immediately following, Harvard lost her one good chance of the game to score. Brown had punted the ball to the middle of the field, where Baird's return kick was blocked by Swain. There was a clear field ahead to Princeton's goal, but both Moulton and Dunlop juggled the ball, and Princeton finally dropped on it. Thereafter Princeton confined their efforts to kicking, and Harvard was not again within striking distance of their opponents' goal, in the first half, which ended with neither side having scored.

The first few minutes of the second half developed a decision by umpire Dashiel that created some discussion, but seems to have been perfectly in keeping with the letter of the rule, although it should be more clearly defined than it is now. Baird had punted to Dunlop, who muffed, and the ball bounding away was fallen on by Brown about five yards in front of Dunlop. Dashiel called Brown off-side, and gave the ball to Princeton.

A FEW RUSHES BY PRINCETON and the ball was on Harvard's forty-yard line, where Baird tried for a field goal and missed; but it would not have counted even had the ball gone over the bar, since there was holding in the line, and Harvard was given the ball. Instead of kicking, Harvard tried to rush, and lost the ball where they had received it. The very next play resulted in Princeton's first touch-down, Bannard making a pretty forty-yard end run around Arthur Brewer, who had taken Cabot's place, aided by the clever interference of Smith, who put both Brewer and Dunlop completely out of the play. From this point on to the end Harvard seemed to lose all thought of generalship. Play was almost continuously in their own territory, and although repeated attempts had shown they could make no material gain in running, there was no relaxation in the effort. Kicking was employed only on the last down, and the men driven into the line in a most unhappy display of wasted energy. When Brown did kick, as a last resort, there was little force behind the ball.

Baird had made a place-kick try at goal from the fifty-yard line, and the struggle had been uninterruptedly in Harvard territory when Church blocked Brown's punt, and Brokaw, getting past Brewer, fell on the ball behind Harvard's line for the second and last touch-down. For the remainder of the half Harvard continued her futile efforts at line-bucking, never getting out of her own territory, showing plucky, skilful defence, and miserable judgment. It was rather hard on the men that they should not have been more ably captained.

FOR THE INDIVIDUAL PLAY of the members of both teams there is nothing but praise. Princeton to a man played a game above criticism. With the single exception of the time one of the half-backs took a punted ball that he should have permitted Baird to catch, and impeded the latter so he could not get in a return kick, not a fault was committed. Baird's handling of punts was remarkably good, his catching certain, and his kicking strong even against the wind. Kelly, and Bannard, and Reiter, and Wheeler, and Poe all did well, and Smith's passing and tackling proved him to be the best quarter Princeton has had since the days of Phil King.

Behind the line Princeton easily outclassed Harvard. In the line Harvard was nearly Princeton's equal. Her three centre men—Doucette, N. Shaw, and Bouvé—were about as good as Princeton's three—Gailey, Crowdis, and Armstrong. In fact, Bouvé seemed to be a bit better than Armstrong. Probably the most praiseworthy showing in the Harvard line was at tackle, because, although not so strong as their opponents—Church and Hildebrand—both were men of comparatively limited experience; Swain had played with the 'varsity only a few times, and Lee was not, before the game, considered even a first-class substitute. In fact, Harvard has four tackles better than either of the ones that played against Princeton. At end, with Cabot and Moulton, Harvard was certainly as strong as Princeton, if, indeed, not a little stronger; but with Brewer and Lewis they were weaker. Even in his crippled condition Cabot played a splendid game, and until he retired was an invaluable factor in Harvard's defensive play. Moulton, too, played splendidly, and is certain to become a star end. For Princeton, Cochran and Brokaw, and later Thompson, all put up strong games at end.

Beale, at quarter, showed great improvement over his last year's form, his tackling time and again being responsible for Princeton's failure to advance the ball.

HARVARD'S WEAKNESS IN OFFENSIVE work may be attributed to three causes—runner starting too far back of the line, runner not sufficiently protected from opposing ends, and failure of all the men to get into the play. In defensive play the one weakness was the failure of the backs to get under punts; in almost every instance Brown permitted Baird's kicks to bound before he attempted to get the ball, instead of catching it on the fly.

Princeton cannot be said to have shown weakness in any particular. She judged and handled kicks perfectly; plays were started sharply, and every man got into them. The team showed it had been thoroughly drilled in its work, and while the plays were not numerous or intricate, they were executed with telling precision.

PENNSYLVANIA PLAYED HER BEST GAME of the season on Saturday against the Indians, whom she defeated, 21-0, and showed form more nearly approaching what recent Pennsylvania teams have accustomed us to expect. The score counts for little as an indication of Pennsylvania's strength, since by all accounts the Indians failed until near the end to use the mass and wedge plays they had employed so effectively against Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. But what did indicate Pennsylvania's improvement was her successful bucking of the Indians' strong centre, which at one time carried her to within a couple of yards of her opponents' goal, where the ball was lost on a poor quarter-back kick. The Indians were very slow in getting off their plays, and handled kicks even more poorly than usual. A blocked kick, a successful quarter-back kick, a field goal by Morice from the 10-yard line, and a double pass which completely fooled the Indians account for Pennsylvania's points. There was yet too much fumbling by Pennsylvania, and when the Indians started their mass plays the line was very limber.

Lack of space postpones other football comment to next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—BY WALTER CAMP.—NEW AND REVISED EDITION.—POST 8VO, CLOTH, $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

has in use proven itself one of the greatest of factors in producing a clear, clean skin, and, therefore, a perfect complexion. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

Agreeable

Preventives in season are much surer than belated drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Headache, Racking Colds, or Fevers.

Syrup of Figs

Acts as a perfect laxative should, cleansing and refreshing the system without weakening it. Permanently curing constipation and its effects.

Mild and Sure

Pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable substances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have found it invaluable. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

MANUFACTURED BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

For sale by all Druggists.

TEUTONIC

CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT & HOPS

FOR CONVALESCENTS NURSING MOTHERS AND THOSE SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA DYSPEPSIA ETC.

RECOMMENDED AND PRESCRIBED BY ALL LEADING PHYSICIANS. A VALUABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR SOLID FOOD

AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

PREPARED BY
S. LIEBMANN'S SONS BREWING CO.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Legal Notices

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 27th day of October, 1896, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation and entry of the following assessments in the respective wards herein designated:

12TH WARD: 186TH STREET OPENING, between Amsterdam and Wadsworth Avenues.

23D WARD: ST. JOSEPH'S STREET OPENING, from Robbins Avenue to Whitlock Avenue.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, October 31, 1896.

GAZE'S TOURS

Europe and the Orient

Personally conducted parties leave New York Jan. 16, Feb. 13, March 13, visiting Gibraltar, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Palestine, &c. Strictly first-class; all expenses included. Our South France and Italy parties leave New York monthly; a delightful two months' tour through Italy, South France, England, &c.; all expenses, $460. Independent tickets everywhere. Europe, America, Bermuda, Mexico, &c. Send for Gaze's Tourist Gazette, free.

H. GAZE & SONS, Ltd., 113 Broadway, New York; 220 So. Clark St., Chicago; 201 Washington St., Boston; 135 So. Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GOLD SEAL = = CHAMPAGNE
EXTRA and SPECIAL DRY.
URBANA, - - - N.Y.

BANKRUPT STOCK BICYCLES
$20 each. New, High-grade '96 models. *Must be sold.* Write at once.
The R. B. Mead Cycle Co., Wabash Ave., Chicago.

F. BOOSS & BRO., FINE FURS, 446 B'WAY, N. Y.

THE JOURNAL OF SOCIETY
TOWN TOPICS
NEW YORK THURSDAY

Is universally recognized as the most complete weekly journal for men and women in the world. It is *par excellence* the society journal of America, and is unique inasmuch as all its matter is original. *The Saunterer* discusses weekly the doings of society in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and other large cities in North America. He serves you with the latest news of society in Europe, reviews events of the week in his pungent style, gives you his ideas on men and women of the day, and generally concludes his series of paragraphs with notes on current politics.

A special feature of TOWN TOPICS is its short stories. They are by the best writers of Europe and America, always strong, clever, pretty and clean. Amélie Rives wrote for it her great serial story, "Tanis, the Sang-Digger." Julian Hawthorne, Edgar Fawcett, Bret Harte, Walter Besant, Eden Philpotts, Gertrude Atherton, Gilbert Parker, Rudyard Kipling, Ambrose Bierce, etc., are among its contributors.

The financial department, "Other People's Money" and "Wall Street Whispers," is read by all prominent bankers and capitalists, and on questions of finance TOWN TOPICS is considered an authority.

Leading books of the day are reviewed by *The Onlooker* in "The Literary Show" in an unexcelled manner—clever, humorous, pungent and fearless.

The lover of sport finds great interest in *The Referee's* discussions under the title of "Afield and Afloat." He writes on yachting, rowing, football, shooting, bicycling, etc., and his *confrère*, *The Veteran*, takes care to keep you informed on horseracing.

The miscellaneous matter of TOWN TOPICS consists of poems, clever and bright, comic and tragic, by the best poets of the day, among them Bliss Carman, Frank L. Stanton, Harold R. Vynne, etc.; burlesques, jokes, witticisms, etc., by the cleverest humorists of the day, among them Ed. Mott, R. K. Munkittrick, etc.

TOWN TOPICS has always been famed especially for its bold, independent and masterly dramatic and musical criticisms.

Its art editor is a conscientious critic, and may be relied upon for latest items from the world of painting and sculpture.

The army and navy receive such frequent attention that TOWN TOPICS is read by all officers of both services, and found at the army posts and naval stations and aboard ships in commission.

Price, 10 cents, at all newsstands; one year, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1.

TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS,

A quarterly, now in its sixth year, is issued on the first day of March, June, September and December. It is 12mo, 256 pages. A complete novel, by some well-known author, leads each number; the remainder of the volume is made up of selections of short stories, burlesques, poems, witticisms, etc., from the issues of TOWN TOPICS so far back as to make the re-publication fresh reading. Price, 50 cents; $2 per year.

A LIBERAL OFFER. If you like TOWN TOPICS and desire to read it regularly each week, subscribe for it **NOW** and you will receive

FIRST.—The paper *FREE* until *JANUARY 1, 1897*, including the great *HOLIDAY NUMBER*.
SECOND.—*THE ENTIRE YEAR 1897.* **Subscription Price, $4 per Year.**

BETTER YET. Make a Club Subscription of One Year for *Town Topics*, $4, and *Tales From Town Topics*, $2, both $5 per year, and you will receive the two publications

FROM NOW TO JANUARY 1, 1898.

Send Check or Post-Office Money Order to TOWN TOPICS, 208 5th Avenue, New York.

PAUL PRUDHOMME & C[IE] PARFUMEURS PARIS-FRANCE — LUBIN — SUCCESSEURS DE PAUL PRUD'HOMME & C[IE] PARIS-FRANCE — COPYRIGHTED

Counterfeit IF WITHOUT THIS STAMP

Parfumerie Lubin

THE WORLD'S STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE FOR OVER NINETY-EIGHT YEARS

"Improvement the Order of the Age."

"THERE! why didn't WE THINK of that?" said a manufacturer as he noted a certain improved feature of the three New Model

... Nos. **2, 3,** and **4** ....

Smith Premier Typewriters

You'll be glad that somebody "thought of it" when you see it. Write for new Catalogue, etc.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.
Branch offices in twenty-nine principal cities in the United States.

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE.

You Would Use a Typewriter if you could buy it right.

We can sell you any of the standard makes at a saving of from 40 to 60%. Fully guaranteed. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write us for catalogue.

FOUR STORES { 1½ Barclay St., New York; 156 Adams St., Chicago; 38 Court Sq., Boston; 818 Wyandotte St., Kansas City.

VIOLETTES DU CZAR (Czar's Violets) CONCENTRATED PERFUMES
L. LEGRAND (Oriza-Perfumery) 11. Place de la Madeleine, PARIS

HARPER'S CATALOGUE thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiscox Co., 853 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs FREE

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

DISTRESSING IRRITATIONS OF THE SKIN Instantly Relieved by CUTICURA

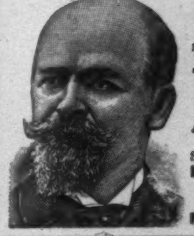
To cleanse, purify, and beautify the skin, scalp, and hair, to allay itching and irritation, to heal chafings, excoriations, and ulcerative weaknesses, to speedily cure the first symptoms of torturing, disfiguring skin and scalp humors, nothing so pure, so sweet, so wholesome, so speedily effective as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 50c. and $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.

"How to Cure Skin Diseases," mailed free.

UPHELD BY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN EVERYWHERE as the finest, most delicately perfumed and purest Toilet Soap manufactured. Always ask for and insist upon having "No. 4711" WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP.
Transparent as Crystal.
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York, U.S. Agents

Beeman's— THE ORIGINAL **Pepsin Gum**



CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of Chewing Gum

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package.
Beeman Chemical Co.
19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

Financial

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

Just Published

REMINISCENCES OF OLD NEW YORK

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian of the City of New York (1816-1860). By CHAS. H. HASWELL, with a Photogravure Portrait of the Author, many Illustrations of Localities of Historic Interest, and a Map of New York in 1816. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 00.

Mr. Haswell is to be congratulated on having produced a book that not merely furnishes excellent reading, but that is a distinct addition to our historical knowledge of the great city which he celebrates.—*N. Y. Herald.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York

Niagara Falls Only 9½ Hours from New York by the NEW YORK CENTRAL